

THE
WANDERER;
OR
ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS,
THE RESULT AND OCCURRENCES
OF A
RAMBLE ON FOOT,
THROUGH FRANCE, GERMANY AND ITALY,
IN 1791 AND 1793.

By JOSHUA LUCOCK WILKINSON, Esq.
OF GRAY'S-INN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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WANDER

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THE

THE



IN TWO VOLUMES

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1793

1793

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THE
WANDERER.

CHAP. I.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

THE boat could not set sail for two hours; and having previously examined the wonders of Dover Castle, and listened with infantine credulity to the fairy tales of departed worth, I then walked west ward of the town to Shakespeare's Cliff. Thence I surveyed the narrow channel of water, which so happily divides England from the rest of Europe; and which, did my countrymen know how to profit by their insular situation, would divide them from the

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B

misery

misery and politics of the Continent. Secure in our native freedom, environed by a dangerous and tempestuous ocean, we might, amidst the whistlings of the storm, calmly behold the convulsions of the world; aloof from the tyranny of the Russian Czarina, the pride of the German Cæsars, the murderous glory of the Prussian, or the intriguing mediation of the French Monarchs, we might laugh at their combinations; and however our humanity deplores the calamitous destiny of Poland, and its patriot King, though our hearts curse the regal oppressors of that ill-fated people, prudential motives will warn my countrymen against any foreign alliances to support or destroy their unjust aggressions.—In the sweet enjoyment of liberty, and domestic quiet, revered abroad, as a nation valiant, generous, and free, under the halcyon reign of a constitutional King,

and

and by the rapid extension of virtue and philosophy, Britons shall industriously cultivate the blessings of peace, and soon spurn the ministerial devices, which have too often deluged the world with blood, and murder, under the specious name of honourable war, or for the imaginary support of a *political balance*. A brave and free people, whose ancient valour has extorted, even from their enemies, a well-earned renown—whose ancestors have taught mankind the sacred principles of political truth, will rejoice to see the neighbouring nations arise, like a phoenix, from the ashes and corruption of their despotic rulers, and assert, like them, the imprescriptible Rights of Man.—Exercised in the investigation of moral and political good, no longer confident in the submissive doctrines of indefeasible right, divine delegation, or the more insulting claims of catholic infallibility,

libility, the human mind will cautiously examine the motives of conduct—will wisely deprive ministerial verbosity of its *gilded* arguments—and will learn to be virtuous, and *loyal* to truth, from the conviction of reason.

The pages of history are blackened by a long unbroken detail of public or private crimes, of regal oppressions, national follies, and popular insurrections: and, in this more enlightened period, the happiness of man seems the smallest consideration of legislators; the greatness of the nation, the accession of territory, a splendid military establishment, to overawe the subjects at home, or a formidable marine, to carry dismay and terror, the *glory* of their name, to unknown—unenvious nations—the increase of revenue, and the creation of a preponderating aristocracy, employ all the industry, abilities,

lities, and virtue of ministers in the courts of modern Europe. From the example of society, in the ill constituted governments of antiquity, little information can be deduced to guide the speculative conclusions of philosophers: war, and the irritation of the public mind towards a fancied enemy, were necessary expedients of policy; and in the consequent agitation, a monarchical, or an aristocratical, tyranny stalked forth in dire array, and with more insidious, poisonous powers, gave the last and fatal wound to the peace and happiness of their country. Roused by oppression, the people have made dreadful efforts to regain their liberty: but, without an object, and ignorant of the principles of political justice, they exercised their sovereignty by momentary vengeance on their deceivers, and again sunk into their ignoble slavery.

These reflections, and the sight of the opposite shores, the outrage of war, and the serenity of the atmosphere, produced many doleful sensations.— From the convulsions of the people, the mind hastily reverts to national prejudices; and I could discover no rational grounds for the frequent wars between England and France: the literal or liberal construction of an old treaty, or the possession of a few hundred acres of American deserts, were trifling objects, set in competition with the happiness and repose of millions. My mind shrank with horror; but with pleasure again returned, to contemplate the blessings, the liberty and sacred equality of my countrymen, and with heart-felt lively joy, contrasted our envied greatness, with the misery, ignominious, and degraded condition of the human species, in the more benign climates of Europe.— But whence arises this extraordinary distinction?

distinction?—or, why should the most favoured gifts of Heaven be not equally participated?—Are Frenchmen too frivolous?—Is the air of liberty too tempestuous for the glowing regions of the South?—Will not the gravity of the Spaniard, the sensuality of Italy, or the phlegm of Germany, admit, or be improved by, the operation of reason? What! the holy inquisition scandalized?—St. Carlo Barromeo, and the guardian saint of Naples, elevated to deserted streets? and the twenty thousand priests of the Sicilian capital, in the scrupulous performance of their vows, embrace the poverty, abstinence, and chastity of their kindred Lazzaroni? or with adoration, more beneficial to the interests of mankind, and more acceptable to the Omnipotent, industriously cultivate the fruits of the earth? If in the moment of reformation, the oppressed should forget the

golden rules of justice and moderation, and compel their former masters to seek a land of refuge, America will afford an inviolable asylum to honest industry; and the English nation, where every man is rich, suspending their penal statutes, will generously open the public purse, increased by the parsimony of an heaven-born minister, and his favourite appropriation of millions, and lavishly supply the wants of these innocent emigrants.

The revolutions of societies are truly dreadful periods; and the long instability of new-formed governments, whose authority is not obeyed from habitude, should deter the politician from sudden innovations. The consequence is uncertain; the liberty of the people, as in England, may be firmly established upon the ruins of despotism, or the absolute authority of the

the monarch be more indissolubly cemented by the destruction of the Rights of the people. History presents, in each alternative, a melancholy list of sufferers, massacred, proscribed, or who shunning the greater evil, and still fond of life, joyfully embraced a voluntary or compulsive banishment. The world seems black with crimes: the most early records abound with persecution, and suffering innocence; and though mankind have progressively improved in arts, sciences, and the virtues of humanity, the minds of my fellow creatures are still too much tinged with prejudice, persecution, and blood. In the Athenian democracy, the most exalted virtues, employed in the service of their country, were generally rewarded with the ostracism; and in the convulsions of the times, the friends of liberty, or the tyrant and his supporters, alternately suffered under the

knife of the victor. In the dominions of the tyrant, we generally find more peace and tranquillity; but *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*: a republic displays, in every branch of society, more energy and virtue. The democracies of Greece, like large bands of robbers, under the capricious direction of a favourite captain, made incessant attacks upon their weaker neighbours; and, unless some strong external force compelled their union, they seldom felt for the good of their general country. Weakened by mutual attacks, and blended with the monarchy of Macedon, they finally became provinces of the Roman Empire. I must leave it to stronger genius to consider the causes of the greatness, and successful ambition of that people. But whatever virtues were inheritable in the Roman character, the least observing eye discovers stains of the deepest dye; and

and the history of the republican virtues, presents as many calamitous lessons to mankind, as the vices of the imperial despots. But amidst the ferocity and sanguinary turbulence of the people, the philosopher pauses with pleasure upon the magnanimity of the senate, and laments the evils of the constitution, which necessarily compelled a foreign war to preserve the internal peace. Beyond the narrow limits of the infant republic, the most deserving and patriotic of its people were banished by the temporary elevation of the patrician or plebeian party; and, in successive ages, the provinces of Greece and of Asia were crowded by the unhappy exiles of Rome.

Each period of human existence is furcharged with wretchedness. In the days of the Roman emperors, when their empire filled the civilized world,

as it was impossible to escape the vengeance of their incensed tyrant, many fondly chose the dire alternative of suicide. But the unfortunate of modern Europe, have always found a secure refuge in some neighbouring state. The royalists of England, flying from republican and fanatic persecution, obtained a generous protector in the King of France; and the wretched Huguenots, in their turn, re-peopled the wasted plains of England, and introduced into our kingdom a spirit of commerce and manufacture. But the factions of the Guelphs and Gibbelins did not terminate so happily: and as the *banditti*, not finding a protector, knowing not, or too proud to receive the honest gains of trade, were compelled to gain their sustenance by the wicked means of robbery; the word has unfortunately lost its primitive sense, and is received among the languages

guages of Europe, as expressive of the most villainous debasement of mankind. The English republicans and regicides, finding no asylum in the kingdoms of Europe, threw themselves upon the mercy of the restored King. One, however, was permitted to enjoy the peaceable retirement of Vevay, on the rich lake of Geneva. Had nature granted him a long life, his passive revenge might have been gratified by the sight of a fugitive descendant of his persecutor, who, denied a refuge in the kingdom of France, necessarily embraced what by inspiration is called a curse, the condition of a fugitive and vagabond on the face of the earth: and if he had judged of the sentiments of his countrymen, by the letter of the prime minister, to the advoyer of the district, he would have been pleased, that they had at length discovered "the accursed race."

Though

Though at present we rail at democratic institutions, from them the persecuted claim protection; and from their honest impartial line of conduct, the representations of courts have seldom forced them to depart, or to infringe the rights of hospitality. Voltaire at Ferney, and Rousseau in his retirement of the Lake of Bienné, solicited, and obtained, the one a temporary, the other an inviolable asylum; and upon "the banks of the Lake of Lausanne, under a mild government, amidst a beautiful landscape, in a life of leisure and independence, and among a people of easy and elegant manners," the historian of the Roman empire "enjoyed the varied pleasures of retirement and society."

Banishment, though it in general diminishes, sometimes, however, increases the means of happiness and enjoyment.

From

From the enterprize of their youths, the Greeks founded colonies, and spread the elegance and refinement of their manners: and some of the kingdoms of modern Europe, in a bastard imitation of the Grecian colonies, peopled the deserts of America with the outcasts, and most villainous of society. In the province of Brazil, the Portuguese still maintain an extended empire over the virtuous descendants of the convicts; and in the United States of North America, their honest children have joined in establishing a virtuous, and independent democracy.

The despots of Russia, armed with the law and the sword, whose will is irrevocable, banish the most enlightened of their obnoxious subjects to the wilds of Siberia; and the Swedish officers, who unfortunately were made prisoners in the battle of Pultowa, there
dragged

dragged out their miserable existence, and by their polished manners served to enlighten the desert gloom. The unfortunate objects of the resentment of the German Princes are, in general, shut up in the fortresses and petty castles of these little despots; but the prayers of the solitary inhabitants of the cells of Koningstein and Magdebourg* may be heard before the throne of heaven, with the louder shouts of the French, from the marshes of the Lower Hungary.

In that glorious period of France, when their monarchs shone in the zenith of their

* When the philanthropic Howard recommended solitary cells, it had not surely occurred to him, that a tyrannical government might make them the instruments of their vengeance. The people of England should regard, as dangerous to their liberties, the erection of barracks, and the further extension of prisons, with solitary cells.

their power, when the happiness of the subject was secured by the smiles of a King, *great* and good, the objects of ministerial displeasure were imprisoned, either in public or private bastiles, or were sometimes indulged with a peaceful retirement at their country houses. Few were permitted the latter; but however, it arbitrarily abridged the liberty of man, and is therefore unjustifiable; and even the convict of Scotland, on whom the law has pronounced sentence of banishment, though he can rove along the banks of the Thames, or the Severn, may regret the pleasures of his country.

I was leaving my country; my banishment, though not voluntary, was not occasioned by fear of punishment; and, in the indescribable pleasures and variety of a pedestrian ramble, I hoped to be instructed and amused. If I should
unfortunately

unfortunately imbibe any of their opinions, if my heart should, in time, be attuned to theirs, and I should rejoice in the subversion of superstition and feignorial exemptions, I hope, I shall not be therefore less acceptable to my countrymen; and though the violence of a revolution may frequently wound our feelings, they will recollect, that it is the same glorious cause, for which our Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold.

CHAP. II.

FIRST DAY IN FRANCE.

THE vessel approached the shores of France; and we gently passed before the wind, in a smooth sea, from near Calais to Boulogne. "Arrived"—was eagerly caught in the cabin, and as variously articulated by the passengers, the English, the French, the sick, and the healthy. Boulogne was in sight; the cabin was soon cleared of its loathsome guests; and a boat, announcing the disinterested intention of landing "*Mi Lord Anglois*," at the modest remuneration of three livres *par tête*; we very thankfully embraced this opportunity of paying our adieus to the rough-bosomed Neptune. I expected every thing
new

new—we were in fairy land; the naides, and sea nymphs, were sporting upon the edges of the water: or the benevolent Nausicaa with her young and female attendants*, conducted by fate, had come down to the strand to wash their garments, and were ready to assist the unfortunate sharers of the fate of Ulysses. I knew not what to conclude; but arriving in the most shallow water, our boat could swim in, we were accosted by an hundred different tones of voice, requesting, as I was informed, that they might carry us to shore. I know not, but French politeness would undoubtedly *say* the honour of—I was ashamed, that a woman should quiver under the weight of my body; and refused. One honest visaged girl, taking hold of my jacket, and with eyes, that glanced consciousness

* Many of my readers, though they have not seen the reality, may have seen the picture of “the Landing of Sir John Bull and Family at Calais.”

ness of the *equivoque*, chided my delay, and my false delicacy, *pour qoui ne montés vous pas ?—“ Pauvre grisette,”* said an ignorant Marquis, “ *l’Anglois ne monte jamais.”*

I was happy to be released from the jargon of French I heard around me; and eagerly entered the coach, which was waiting for the passengers. After finishing a breakfast of coffee and tea, we commenced our pedestrian excursion; and from the moment of leaving the Hotel d’Angleterre, bad adieu to English conversations.

It is very probable, that if the traveller had left a friend, or a mistress in his own country, he might, for some hours of the first day, muse upon her beauty and goodness, or more coolly estimate the real value of friendship. I cannot boast of much apathy; and my
mind

mind frequently returned with lingering fondness, to the object of the heart.

I expected, and I found every thing new: hearing a language, different from yours, I thought, I was amidst a new order of beings; not able to understand the meaning of the sounds, I consoled myself with the pleasure of conversing with you; and amidst the chaos of thoughts and reflections, and the airy creations of imagination, if a sigh escaped, I was happy.

I was in a rêverie of this extraordinary kind: I had embodied, and dis-embodied, a thousand fanciful images; and was plodding my weary way with listless, and incautious slowness. The luxuriance, or the barrenness of nature, the straw-thatched shed of the cottager, and the magnificent chateaux of the nobility, passed before my eyes; but

but they left no impression upon my mind: I fancied I had seen such views; but I could not determine, whether it was a minute, an hour, or a year ago. The "*bon jour, camarade*" of the passing peasants, did not awaken me from my dream: knowing not what ideas they had agreed to attach to these sounds, I proceeded in silent meditation.

'Twas a calm; the clouds impended heavy above me: but my eye was attracted by the beams of the meridian sun, which had found a distant peep-hole in the north. My imagination now restored me to my country: I mused on the pleasures of memory; and alternately turned from you to my friends, to the gay companions of my happy youth: and these again recalled the blessings of our freedom, and our country. I lamented my unhappy fate:

fate: I had sipped of the cup of liberty, sweetened, as it had been, by your affectionate fondness: and I hesitated to accept a goblet of wine from the hand of a fair demoiselle, whom my imagination had created, because she knew not how, like you, to mingle her beverage with the myrtle of freedom, and innocence. I thought, she invited me to drink; *allons Anglois, vive le roi*: but my prejudices would not permit me to salute the enemy of my king. Wishing to be courteous, I endeavoured to assimilate the goodness of a Bourbon, and a Brunswick: but the one I found divided from his subjects by deep bodies of his soldiery; the other lived in the bosom of his people:

Où peut on être mieux,
Q'au sein de sa famille—

But had I then known this favourite
air

air of the French monarchy, I could not in justice have applied it to them. The idea, however, struck me, and I referred the happiness of the expression to my own country. I refused the offered gifts of the fair slave, and with my eyes suffused with tears, endeavoured to trace, in the distant, brilliant horizon, the sea-girt isle of liberty—but it was beyond my view; and I again sunk into myself. The object of my impassioned fondness—and my friends, by turns, passed before my eyes: my country rushed upon my wearied senses; and hearing a voice, I thought it was an Englishman's, behind a distant tree. The sounds came nearer: my expectation was increased: my senses, and the powers of reflection, were suspended. The men sat down: an ass, the partner of their labours, came on: 'twas of English shape, thought I: it brayed, and I ex-

claimed, with the most violent vociferation, "By G—— here's an English ass!" The sudden exertion determined the waking dream. I laughed at the weakness of my intellect; my companion frequently related this effect of my reverie: and some visionary republicans, deriding either my ignorance, or my attachment to my king and country, have since, with malicious pleasure, repeated the whimsical incident, and directed the eyes of a company, with their fingers, and with a smothered laugh—*Oui ! Afne ! oui !—Anglois.*

We proceeded quietly along: the ridicule, which my companion incessantly directed at me, I bore with calmness. I confessed the justice of his satire: but the reverie had so absorbed my senses, that I still doubted—No! I one moment believed, that it was

was an English afs. We entered the village of Samers :—I continued stupidly thoughtful.—“Come, comrade,” said my companion, “to dinner : it will expel these idle vapours.” We needed not the post house : our viaticum was trifling, and our wants were easily satisfied.

If he does not understand the language of the country, a foreigner will invariably be treated as a child ; and should his physiognomy be the most expressive in Lavater’s collection, he must not be offended, if his treatment be not better than ours. Two pert sempstresses, who were working in the chamber, continued their merriment, after we had entered ; and as we did not speak their language, we were not men. In all languages, I believe, the expressions of joy are

the same; and although I had lately heard so many pleasantries on the subject of the ass, I again said, "they know English."

CHAP. III.

PEDESTRIAN RAMBLE.

MY ignorance of the French language, prevented the early enjoyment of many ludicrous incidents: but as their frequent occurrence stimulated my mind, I determined to impose upon myself the most indefatigable assiduity. Good resolutions are easily formed, and as easily destroyed, or weakened by indolence, and the natural inclination of man to defer the hour of labour; and as my companion spoke French, and was attentive to my novel inquiries, my mind was easily persuaded to suspend its determinations, and repose every anxiety upon my friend. So

trifling was my progress in the language, that when I arrived at the gate of Geneva, I could not inform the *Consignè* of my profession. I told him I was *voyageur*: the word I had heard frequently repeated, and hoped he would consider it, as a sufficient designation. He was not satisfied: I now recollected, he frequently interrogated me about "*Metier—horologer ?*" These words were above my comprehension.—"*Negociant ?*" This bore some similitude to trade; and I hastily, and with truth, replied, *Non ! non ! non !*—"*Il entent à present*"—was spoken by all present; and they smiled complacently upon *ce brave garçon*, till one, with some portion of malice, interrupted their politeness, by the repetition of some thread-bare wit—*il entent seurement, mais il ne comprend pas.*—*Profession* I understood; and attempting to
construe

construe a colloquial expression into intelligible French, I slowly uttered, "*Oui! un de la loi*"—" *Et d'Angleterre?*" I answered, yes! for England was my country. The same malicious wag again excited a roar of laughter—*voila un legislateur*. Truth, or my evil stars, now degraded me from the dignity of a national representative to the humble, fordid profession, of a "*Procureur, Notaire—non! pas avocat;*"—and when my companion arrived in the evening, the *Consignè* amused himself with my ignorance; and told him, he had given me a *Billet de logement* at an inn—" *pas trop chere—pas mauvaise.*"

We did not wish to be Anglois always: nor did *Mi Lord*, so frequently misapplied, flatter our vanity. To these words were attached the idea of riches: and our purse was too

light to preserve the reputation of our countrymen.

We frequently professed to be poor Germans: "But you are coming from England?" Yes; we have been working there. Sometimes, indeed, the peasants, who boasted, *qu'ils avoient servis*, addressed us in Alsatian German: *ia plaisanterie*, as they pleased to term our deceit, was soon discovered; and the raillery, they were anticipating for the great ——— German, was easily converted into true good humour, and with the name of an Englishman, we were intitled to the honourable distinction of friends—*les frères aînés de la liberté*.

Sometimes we were supposed to be, sometimes we said we were, taylorers: if asked, ignorant of their language, we might reasonably demand their meaning:

meaning: some explained it by their motions, others degraded us to who "*racommode de vieux habits.*" Sometimes we consented: sometimes, indignant at their degradation, we elevated ourselves to *Gentilshommes*, or took refuge under the more honourable title of merchants. "*Marchands colporteurs je crois ?*" *Oui !* or *non !* as it suited our caprice: and the tender-hearted inn-keeper, wishing to avoid expending his money, or to encourage us to go on, assured us, with an important shake of the head, and a whisper of sincerity, that the next village was rich, and we might there sell our merchandize. If we thanked him for his polite attention,—*Monsieur est tout-à-fait français*, he returned our gratitude with the most ardent wishes for our success; but turning to his wife, winked, shrugged, and ridiculed our honest credulity.

Les jolies villageoises, anxious to see our articles of traffic, rebuked us for our slowness, sometimes assuring us, that they would buy *quelque chose*; and we slowly promised, after we had satisfied our appetites. In the mean time, the curious were assembled, and waited with impatience. *Allez chercher Mademoiselle*: she arrived, and condescendingly smiled upon the *pauvres marchands*. Confident of her beauty, natural or acquired, or supposing, that the poor pedlars should be contented at the honour the daughter of the village lord had done us, she commanded the gay *payannes* to open our packets, and joined the shout and ridicule of all, when they found only *des chemises et des livres*. To a shirt *de fine toile*, we very naturally associate an idea of its neighbour, the skin: and from it produce a long chain of reflections and conclusions.—We were emigrants; and this begat commiseration, even
in

in the hearts of a democratic peasantry. Mademoiselle drew nearer; the *pay-sannes* followed her; and they all now saw the physiognomy, the mien, and the manners of happier days—"perhaps of the nobility of Poland?"—A fellow sufferer in the convulsions of the times, she now asked our country: we were pleased with her sympathy, and increased her curiosity, for "we came from a very dear country." We could not be Germans, for an old man in the corner of the fire-place, had wished to claim us for "*landsmen. Deutsch? Deutsch?*"—and, in the minds of the villagers present, there existed no country but France and Germany.—No!—we are English: their ideas took a new course: they whispered, that we had books; and the peasants concluded, that we should one day be secretaries. Mademoiselle, whose heart had, perhaps, been lately af-

C 6

failed,

failed, fancied, she discovered, in the natural pensive melancholy of an English countenance, the traits of an unhappy lover, and that the commands of an imperious mistress had consigned him to this miserable destiny. The peasants were continuing to sympathize with us, and suggesting a thousand kind and tender inquiries, which Mademoiselle was preparing to put, when hastily asking for our account, and throwing our bundles of necessities and consolations upon our backs, we gave, and received a most sincere adieu—*portez vous bien, mes amis.*

They accompanied us to the door : their eyes spoke the language of pity : we turned again, and without moving our hats, *encore adieu !* We continued our journey ; our minds frequently recurred to the delightful scene we had left : we thought of it, and we mentioned

tioned it with pleasure. Long time after this adventure, a conversation, similar to the commencement of this, though it also terminated happily, threatened to involve me in troubles, from which my most ingenious devices might have, with difficulty, extricated me.

The incident, to which I allude, was so similar to what I have just related, that if I described it, it would appear a repetition only: and I must acknowledge, that I encouraged, and gave their curiosity matter to feed on. A suspecting democrat insinuated, that I appeared *très-expert*, and with the assistance of her husband, "*un brave soldat national*," conveyed me to the mayor. I was asked several questions; but I declined to answer, till introduced before the proper officer. *Le voilà !*" but I could scarcely believe, that a dirty *Bonnet de la Liberté*, was
the

the insignia of mayoralty. He was new in office, had a physiognomy of benevolence and gaiety, and as they told me, a true friend of his country. My hat was taken off: "Does he wear the national cockade?" was answered in the affirmative; and one of them discovering by my hat, that I lived in London, exclaimed, "*Il est Anglois.*" Every eye was now fixed upon me: I exultingly exclaimed, "*Oui! Je suis Anglois, Ami de la liberté, et de la nation.*" The madame, who procured my arrest, was now foremost in congratulation; and I was conducted, *en triomphe*, to the evening dance.

A journey on foot, though it exposes you to many inconveniences, also gives you inexpressible delight; and though generally treated according to your appearance, you may sometimes associate with the rich and the proud.

The

The man of intellect, but particularly an Englishman, if the conduct of ministers has not altered the general reputation abroad, may see titles, and splendid ignorance, stoop before him. Submissive, and way-worn, as I was, I was, once, exalted to the rank of king. *Rex vini* I had often been: but I aspired not to the painful pre-eminence of the king of the French.

We were at Geneva, when a courier announced, that the king had left Paris: all was in confusion: the drums beat to arms: the citizens, some with their military coats half on, and muskets in hand—others in the garb of bourgeois, were flying to their posts: the cannon were hauled across the bridges to the ramparts; and every thing, in a moment, bore the appearance of an enemy at the gates. In two days the citizens were again at rest,

rest, and in this seditious democratic town, joy glistered in every face, when intelligence was received, that the king was stopped (*attrapé*) at Varennes. We were permitted to pass Verriere; and even at Versoi the major, and his soldiers, had discovered no marks of royalty; but at Rolle, the Marechaussee, wishing to make his fortune, and swelling with the important service he should do to the French, arrested me in the name of *Messeigneurs de Berne, les Amis et les Alliés de la nation Française*. I had always been content with the unadorned, simple rank of citizen; but this inexorable patrol forced me to wear, for an hour, the cumbrous tiara of a king. He asked many questions, which I could scarcely answer; the more ignorant I appeared, the more he suspected a deceit: and my garb confirmed his suspicions, and fed his hopes. He gravely asked the gazing company,

company, and they as gravely complied, if the king might not easily elude the justice of his "subjects, dressed like him." I told him, I was an Englishman, and to support my assertion, spoke in my own language: he doubted not, that the fugitive Louis spoke English, and that the king could conceal his knowledge of the French. I continued my asseverations; and, to have avoided the hunted name of *Roi*, I would willingly have accepted the condition of the most debased of mankind. "Whence, and whither?" I quickly answered: "*En Italie?*" He exclaimed—" *Mais pourquoi?*" Had I been expert in the *Patois* of the Pays de Vaud, or had I known French, as he did, I would have stunned his senses with Cameos, Intaglios, Apollos, and Minervas, more than the name of king had appalled me. But in my penury of language, I could not explain my
trade

trade of a merchant, under which I had taken refuge, more than I was going to collect "*des choses curieuses—des Antiques.*" I was apprehensive of involving myself in difficulties; and I pointed up stairs, uttering, *camarade*. My companion was obliged to leave his bed, and it required all his exertions to prove, that the Swiss had not arrested the king of the French.

But the pedestrian traveller, after such extraordinary elevation, must not become presumptuous; he must bear the common occurrences, and dangers of his life, with common fortitude, nor scorn the aspiring desires of the nymphs of Mont Blanc, should any one of them think, she could be happy in his society, or express the desire, "*de passer les Montagnes avec ce brave étranger.*" If the poor Savoyarde knows little of the luxuries of Turin, if her bosom
beats

beats not with the ardour of a Pied-montoise, she knows, how to enjoy the pleasures of the simple pastoral life, and her icy nature inclines her to the virtue of constancy.

At the foot of the Alps, I read Rousseau's account of his passage over these mighty barriers; and I will sketch my happiness in his words.

“ I journeyed gaily: no accident troubled my mind: I was in the happiest condition both of body and soul. Young, vigorous, full of health, of security, of confidence in myself, and others, I was in that short, but precious moment of life, when its expansive plenitude invigorates the soul in all its sensations, and embellishes all nature with the charms of our existence.—No fear, no doubts of
my

my destiny, disturbed my reveries:—no care—I walked lightly. Youthful desires, enchanting hope, brilliant projects filled my soul. Every object, that I saw, appeared to me the guarantee of my approaching felicity. In the houses I fancied rustic banquets, in the fields, romps and wanton wiles, rivulets, baths, promenades; upon the trees delicious fruits, under their shades voluptuous *têtes à têtes*; upon the mountains pails of milk and cream, a charming listlessness, peace, simplicity;—the pleasure of going, you know not whither. Nothing struck my eyes, that conveyed not to my heart some charms of enjoyment. The sublime grandeur, the variety, the real beauty of the spectacle, made this charm worthy of reason: vanity, too, administered its pleasures. To go into Italy, to have seen so much country, to follow

Hannibal

Hannibal across the mountains, appeared to me a glory above my years.

“I never had, in all my life, an interval more truly exempt from anxiety and pain, as the seven or eight days of this excursion. The *journée* of Madame Sabran, to whose pace politeness required we should regulate ours, was only a long promenade. The remembrance of this journey has given me the most lively taste for every thing allied to it, for mountains, and pedestrian excursions. I never travelled on foot, but in my youth, and then always with delight. When business, and baggage to carry, forced me to become a gentleman, and take a coach, corroding care, embarrassments, and constraint, mounted with me; I had no pleasure, but that

that of going—no desire, but to arrive.”

An agreeable companion increases the pleasures of a journey: he may, indeed, sometimes interrupt the charms of a reverie; but his conversation amply supplies the vacuity, which the mind, if totally left to itself, is unable to bear. If you travel by yourself, your curiosity, even *ennui*, will stimulate you to form new acquaintances: the honest credulity of one, the art of another, the implicit confidence of the believer in images, or the haughty and scornful pride of the philosopher, will amuse your mind, and the reflections, they variously cause, will enlarge your understanding.

Of the numerous companions of my journey, each had his characteristic

ristic mark: their pursuits were various, and their religious and political principles were, in various shades, darkened by gloom, or enlightened by hope and truth. Some reposed their timid consciences upon the craft of priests; others philosophically arrogated to themselves the power of thought. The soldier extolled the valour of his brothers in arms: the priest insinuated the submissive respect due to his dignity; and the Greek, who could not admire the iron government of the Turk, with fondness exclaimed, that he was descended from the ancient assertors of human liberty; and because his country had once produced Homer, Socrates, and Apelles, he wished it still to be adored, as the seat of poetry, philosophy, and the fine arts.

If the pre-eminent rank of a king is too insulated for these republican times

times, and the pedestrian fondly classes himself above the condition of the *Canaille*, or (if I may use the well appropriated term of a knight errant) *the Swinish Multitude*, he may yet, by the donation of a good dinner, or a copious profusion of wine, be intitled to the well-earned privileges of nobility. The whole Auberge will then resound the riches and goodness of this grand seigneur: but let him go to the door, or into the company of men, who have not tasted of his liberality, and he immediately sinks into the simple man, or into a condition more distressing, than a slave—"He is a recruit."

This word recalls the miseries of the way-worn traveller: and such is the unhappy lot of man, that our pleasures require some alloy, or we lose their relish. I contemplated, at a far, the lofty regions of the Alps,
enumerated

enumerated the dreadful vicissitudes of their inhabitants, and paused with increasing wonder over the eternity of their snows. I seated myself upon the banks of the Po, and with the tearful sisters of Phaeton, lamented the ambition of men, of Princes, and Kings. These plains, said I, have been fertilized with the blood of the Romans, the Goths, and Vandals, the Huns, and the Franks; and mankind still bestow more praise on their destroyers, than their benefactors. We are dazzled with the bloody, but unavailing victories of the Duke of Cobourg; but the peaceable merits of the Prince of Denmark, and the Regent of Sweden will descend, along with them, unnoticed to the grave. I continued to muse: my imagination pourtrayed the excesses of war; and, shuddering at the blackness of the picture, I started

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from

from the reverie, and proceeded to the walls of Cremona. The entry was luckily not guarded by the soldiery; and we were peaceably permitted to adore, according to our mid-day custom, the divinity of Ceres and Bacchus. After dinner, we were hastening to the more classic city of Mantua: we had passed the gate, and had reached the *Bureau des droits*, when a savage-whiskered serjeant recalled us to prostrate ourselves before the Cremonian representative of the German Cæsar. He was a recruiter; and finding us of military stature, he wished to engage us for his Majesty, the Emperor, and King. We had not acquired a military taste: nor had nature given us a genius; and my reflections on states and empires, on the fatality of ambition, were not yet defaced from my memory. He tried the powers of seduction,

redution, and offered us a corporalship at the end of the year; we refused his kindness: he pressed it, and demanded our passports. I grew enraged, and, in my own language, damned the Emperor. Nothing could now appease him: prison and comandant were the only words, we heard. He conducted us to the Grande Garde, and thence to the governor's house. His Excellency was at his *Siesta*; and when I insisted, that they should either awaken him, or let me go, they were astonished at my insolence. We were at last introduced; and I found, it was imputed to me, besides my crime of being of military stature, that this Francesca had dared to damn "L'IMPERATORE." I seemed to have no hopes of liberty: I must either expiate my follies in a dungeon, or in the ranks of some Imperial regiments. I was an Englishman; insinuated, that there was

an ambassador at Vienna, who would be ready and willing to make his Excellency answer for his conduct. "But why go to Mantua?—you shall go out at the gate of Milan, and return to your own country." The natale Solum of Virgil, and we were determined. Intreaties, nor threats, could move him: his mistress, who for a long time had shewn a desire of entering the room, at last came in; and with the general benevolence of her sex, undertook the cause of the distressed. She obtained our liberty, chagrined the recruiting serjeant, merited the applause of a good action, and the two poor Inglesi still remember her with gratitude.

In France, what is not French is in general *Allemand*; in Germany, every thing novel is from *Frankreicht*; foreigners in England, are universally stiled

stiled Frenchmen; and in Italy, they are alternately *Francefi*, or *Tudeſci*. At Mantua, the ſerjeant on guard believed I was from France: having probably heard his ſuperiors loudly execrate the actions of the French, he too, in fervile military imitation, but at a humble diſtance, muſt purſue the way to imperial honours; and when to his queſtion of ſerving the Emperor, I oppoſed my attachment to my country, he was aſtoniſhed, and vociferated with contemptuous ſurprize, *cara patria!!* I ſoon diſcovered to him his miſtake, and my country; then liſting his hands to heaven, he wiſhed, that he had been born in that happy iſland.

The irregularity of the city of Milan confuſed me much; and had not the exceſſive loſtineſs of its gorgeous cathedral ſerved for a director, I ſhould, with difficulty, have arrived *aux trois*

Rois. I was once bewildered, and rambled, without knowing whither. But I had unfortunately trod upon holy ground—upon ground more sacred to the jealousy of a military government, than the interior of a Hindoo Zenana, or a Turkish Haram to their selfish Lord—upon ground, fatal to the unsuspecting, ignorant intruder, as those cages of innocence, and beauty, still are to the *male*,* or the solitary cells of the monks of Saint Bruno have been to the inquisitive curiosity of the female*, *fex*--upon ground, to which the Judaic legislator would not have aspired to admire the *posterior* glory of

* I do not wish to make any comparison of the male, or female punishment. But certainly surgical amputation, is more dreadful than the sacred *penance* of Flagellation, administered by the *pious* hand of the monk; and though the fair sex, in general, suffer by the distinction of human institutions, they must, in the present case, gratefully thank the holy curiosity of the recluse, and reward the kindness of the church, by a gentle submission, *a priori*.

of a corporeal Deity—I had trespassed upon ground, more sacred, than the holy sepulchre, around which *christian* Austrians stand guard to prevent the profanation of French *Atheists*, Pagan, or Mahometan foes—but I did not perceive its sanctity, till an Hungarian grenadier roughly informed me, that I was upon the glacis of the citadel, and beckoning to his fellow soldiers, conducted me towards the gate. The soldier *de l'avancée* refused me entrance; I shrugged, and exclaimed, it was no curiosity of mine. He wanted the watch word; the Hungarian gave it him, and pulled me through the advance-gate. Before we arrived at the Commandant's quarters, we passed two officer's guards, to each of whom I explained my motive, for the trespass upon the glacis. His excellency was not at home; but we found him, however, seated under a tree, surrounded

by several officers. The soldiers advanced, hat in hand, with great trepidation, gave in my passport to one of the officers, and he, nearly as submissive, handed it to the commandant. I advanced also, with a cool, determined, physiognomy, conscious of innocence, neither guilty of *lèze-nation*, nor of any traitorous intentions to the Majesty of Cæsar; and that natural, free born, pride, which Englishmen did inherit, but which ministers wish to refine away, forbade me to uncover. The commandant eyed me minutely; and after a moment's pause, putting his hand to his head, for a German, politely moved. Such condescension demanded a more submissive return from a pedestrian, and I then remained uncovered, contrary to his desires, during my short examination. He at length dismissed me, wishing me "a good journey--you have a good passport."

port." The cursed recruiting serjeant however, did not discontinue his solicitations; I should be a grenadier--a corporal :--but I had other affairs in my country. "Come drink, drink,"--"No!"--"Why not?"--"I have too much pride." I had wounded his honour; and as a soldier, he put his hand upon his sword. I withdrew, but his eye still followed me: he stood still, and I presume, because I had retreated, or had not accepted his imperial honours, he was satisfied, I was a coward.

Long time previous to the last adventure, we listened with fond attention to the enthusiasm of some French patriots, and were astonished at the fiery zeal of the youths, and the doating childishness of the old: "you are young," said they, "you will live to see the completion of our liberty." My companion enjoyed their conversation:

I was charmed at the gaiety of the young, and the happy complacency of the old; and we both forgot we were five leagues from Montmirel, and the evening was approaching. We at length proceeded: but night soon enwrought us in darkness. The evening star alone appeared--and in a trackless country was our only guide. We lost our road, and about midnight, directed by the sound of village dogs, dropt upon Fontinelle. The *Cabaretier* would not receive us: wishing to repose under the guardianship of religion, I proposed the chapel porch. "No, let us go further." The fatigue of the day, the ignorance of the road, the frequent suspensions of the walk, the anxiety of the mind to listen to the passing sounds, real or imaginary, and the continual delusions of the eye and the ear, which hope and fear variously create and magnify, combined to produce a weariness,

riness, and desire of repose. We laid down; our nap sacks were our pillows; the heavens our canopy; and a thick hedge broke off the keen air of the east. Opposite to us was a village *dieu*: and the Santa Maria, who regarded her son with maternal fondness, we hoped, extending her *divine* protection, would, with her opiate and enfolded charms, lull the cares of the benighted passenger. The goddess heard not our wishes; the croaking of the frogs disturbed our rest; and we waited with anxious and better grounded expectation, the smiles of the approaching Aurora. We arose with her; and by the assistance of an early, and industrious hedger, were enabled to regain the *pavè* of Montmirel.

This inconvenience was owing to the allurements of pleasure, or to the fascinating happiness of a democratic

D 6 peasantry:

peasantry : but once in Italy a disaster, something similar, happened to us, through the pride, ignorance, or suspicions of the commandant of Casal. This illustrious personage, with an *haut-tour*, inexpressible in the English language, reluctantly granted us permission to sleep in his city ; but as free-born Englishmen could not then support the idea of any restraint upon their natural liberty, and were not *then* habituated to the despotism of a military government, we preferred to encounter the cold of an Italian night, and the dangers of a border country, with the enjoyment of liberty, than to repose in security, guaranteed to us by the points of the bayonet, reversible at the caprice of a commandant. At sun-set we left this town, and took the road of Vincenza : but, in the darkness of the night, we lost ourselves. We met a cordelier, of whom we enquired the road ;

road ; but at that moment, he was too much engaged with the performance of his vows, and in the selfish and unnatural worship of his God, to attend to the wants, and necessities of his fellow creatures. We did not sleep this night in the open air ; nor had we a wooden, or a stone *dieu* for our protectors. A hay-loft was our chamber, where the effluvia of some moist and new hay acted, as a very powerful fudorific.

Among the mountains of Savoy, the traveller must be content with accommodations, little more agreeable, than a hay-loft ; and as a proof, I will particularize our misfortunes in attempting to pass the Bon Homme. Having walked, after dinner, from Salenche to Contmorin, we intended, the next day, at an early hour, to continue our journey to the foot of the passe, and, if possible,

possible, to traverse the mountain. After three hours of ascent, and severe fatigue, we reached the bottom of the amphitheatre, which the mountains there boldly and suddenly form. We were involved in mist, and had not ascended far, when we found, in the elevated atmosphere, a very thick and impassable snow, but which the milder air of the valley had dissolved into rain. To proceed was dangerous; but after the fatigue of ascending for four hours, we refused to return, and insisted, that our guide, whom necessity had compelled us to take, should pursue the journey at all events. We climbed higher: the mist was now thickened by snow and sleet; and the ground was so deeply covered, it was dangerous, and most fatiguingly laborious to proceed. I had only one pair of stockings; and as the peasants had, laughing, and with a just rebuke observed, that they were
suitable

suitable to the *Villas**, *pas pour les campagnes*, I had most foolishly ventured among the ice and snow, bare-legged. My bleeding ankles soon convinced me of my extreme folly; but my hands were too benumbed to put them on. Our conductor now declared, he could go no further: we insisted, and he proceeded to within an hour and an half of the summit of the Pass. The mist and solitary gloom darkened around us: "stay here a moment; I will go higher," said the guide, "and if it is possible, we will traverse the mountain." In his absence, my companion kindly assisted me to wrap up my ankles. In ten minutes he returned, carefully measuring back his steps, hallooing, and shouting, as he said; but so thin was the medium of the atmosphere, we scarcely heard him at the

* They here pronounce their French with Italian terminations.

the distance of thirty yards; nor could we distinguish any thing at five yards. At that distance, our bodies looked like a shadow. We now relinquished every hope of passing the mountain; and cautiously retracing our steps, descended, after our guide. After seven hours of unavailing fatigue, we arrived at a *chaillet*,* in a plain of the mountain, and were happy to refresh ourselves, with milk and brown four bread--all the luxuries, this summer habitation afforded. We descended to ———; and there procured the promise of beds, and refreshment. Upon an omelet, mixed with Savoyard riches, cheese, we sparingly supped: milk was our beverage; and in a corner of an unceiled

* These are little sheds in the mountains, habitable in summer only, where the peasants ascend with their cattle, goats, and sheep, in the hot months, and make their cheese, which in winter, they sell in France, and again return in spring from their emigration.

ceiled loft, which admitted the external air, and the more offensive smell of goats, which laid under our rafted floor, they made us two beds of straw. We were fatigued, so slept sound: and to a great aperture in the wood, near which my head unfortunately reclined, I applied my knapsack.

Will an inhabitant of these temperate regions believe, that this severe day was the fifteenth of July; or that it was succeeded by a burning sun, which, with the reflection from the snow, could peel the skin from his face?

We arose at six, and prepared to renew our exertions--to surmount our dreaded difficulties: but before ten in the morning, the sun, having greatly melted the snow, made it easy to reach the farthest point of the day before. We there sat down, and after drinking

a bon

a *bon voyage* to each other, again moved on. We were happy, that we had attempted no farther: the edges of precipices presented themselves at every moment; and here we turned to the left, to avoid a sudden and horrid basin, dug from the mountains, and whose terrible precipice begins at fifty yards, beyond where we had stopped. On the southern declivity of the mountain, the snow assured our steps, rather than incommoded us; and after passing the lowest part of snow, finding a small hillock, we sat down to rest ourselves, and dry and warm our feet. Our faces were burnt, and scorched; but our feet had truly been in the latitude of Lapland. At the first *chaillet*, I formed a resolution, which my curiosity frequently afterwards tempted me to break—never more to pass a mountain, whose dangerous precipices are hid by new fallen snow.

I cursed

I cursed the Glaciers ; and vowed, in future to be content with valleys and plains. *Il faut encore traverser d'autres montagnes pour aller en Italie*, said our guide, *à présent vous nêtes que dans la Tarentaise**.

Rem ! quocunque modo rem ! The traveller should never be destitute of it : our purses were originally very small : they required much nursing, or our stock would have been expended on the Italian side of the mountains.

“ Could

* Over this terrible Passé, the Piedmontese soldiers forced their way in the summer of 1793, and established their advanced posts upon the Arve, below Salenche ; but were afterwards forced to retreat, by the same mountain, into the Lordship of Tarentaise, and thence, I presume, into Italy. I must confess myself ignorant, by what defiles in the mountains, they passed : if they arrived by the Mont Iséra, from Val, we must conclude, that the Sardinian troops had possession of the county of Maurieune ; but I never heard, that the Carnagnols were repulsed from their entrenchments at the foot of Mont Cenis ; or if they were, whether they

“ Could not you have been supplied by your countrymen? ” is a very natural question, and as easily answered. I did apply to one Englishman at Geneva, and offered to deposit a bill with him, till I returned from Lyons, and although this small act of goodness would have saved me 150 livres, and cost him nothing, he would not assist me. Had I not forgot his name, I would have mentioned, with how much politeness, he refused my request.

Way-

they had since regained their position. The military movements in the Alps, being kept so secret, were not, I presume, much in favour of the Allies; or they had escaped notice, amidst the greater events of the campaign.

The last note was written, previous to the campaign of 1794, at the commencement of which the troops of France, guided by the mountaineers, who had joined the cause of liberty, succeeded in a general attack along a broken line of posts, from Fort Mirabacco to the Little St. Bernard, and over the latter pushed their advance guard into the Duchy of Aosta.

Way-worn and allowed by all the peasants, whom I met, to be much fatigued, I mounted the *massagerie*; and on account of my poverty, and a poor appearance, I persuaded the driver to take the moiety of the fare. My manners, attainments, or something, engaged the attention of an amiable chevalier: he was amazed that I should travel in that garb, in that appearance of misery; and was, with difficulty persuaded, that I had not a *malle* behind the coach. I told him, that a long journey had nearly exhausted my purse, which was not originally *trop pesante*; and that I had very little to serve me to Geneva. Tears of pity suffused his eyes—a tender commiseration marked every moveable feature of his face: his hand, in unison with his mind, felt for his purse. Pride resumed its seat; I squeezed his knee, and assured him, I had sufficient to carry me to my destination. He afterwards

wards was present, when I wished to pay the fare from Nancy to Langres : he put down the money privately, and turning to me, hoped, I would consider it as his coach. My poverty was urgent ; but pride—false pride, made me again refuse his benevolence. This good man was a chevalier, rather aged, with grey locks ; and as he was firmly attached to the absolute government of his King, his existence may now depend upon the generosity of our countrymen.

I once met with a similar proof of generosity among the peasantry. In a long conversation, which we held with an honest, laborious peasant, upon the effects of the revolution, and the expected happiness of his country, we perhaps, might have interested him in our welfare ; but he frequently and warmly enquired, if we had *de quoi vivre* ; and not having received any
answer

answer to his question, he drew a purse, containing twelve sous, from his pocket. As we were two, this kind-hearted soul gave us eight of them, and keeping the remainder *pour nous faire manger ma femme & moi*; he said, he would work to-morrow for more. We refused; but he insisted we should take them, "you are poor—*étrangers et libres.*" His old wife, who from her loss of teeth, could scarcely articulate, insisted *oui ! oui !* and with her friendly hand and sincere squeeze, endeavoured to put the money into our pockets. We then told them, we were not poor nor rich, drank to their nation, and when we left them, they followed us with their eyes, sincerely regretting and admiring *ces braves Anglois.*

If I acquaint my readers with the genuine generosity of a royal, and a patriot

patriot Frenchman, justice requires, that I should also mention something, in praise of an English Ambassador abroad. I have related it elsewhere, that at Turin we were conducted by the soldiery to the House of Justice, and thence to the House of Mr. Trevor. His Excellency took great pains to enquire the extent of our journey, and our purse; and by his sollicitude, (the intention of which, I hope, we did not mistake) he wished to assist us. We were truly thread-bare, and his politeness demands our warmest acknowledgments.

The pass, that he gave us, was read at the gate of Soleure: the serjeant looked at it, and then at me; he seemed to have some doubts; but I knew not of what kind—he desired me to stop. His officer and he came out together,

together, spoke in German, and after indorsing my passe, the soldier conducted me to the alms house. He spoke some little of my former condition, and hinted what a sad reverse of fortune I had experienced; how galling *pour un homme, comme il faut*. I did not then understand his meaning: he stopped me at the door, and in three minutes brought me out a large piece of brown bread, which he gave me, assuring me, that it "was the charity, which this city gives to all poor travellers." I could have hugged the good soul for his tender-hearted benevolence: and I blessed the versatility of the human mind, which could, after the years of warfare, he confessed, he had been engaged in, still so overflow with the milk of humanity.

The same garb which commanded so much attention at Soleure, I conti-

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nued

nued to wear, till I arrived at Geneva, as I have elsewhere related, by the circuitous roads of Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comptè. The day had been rainy, and when I arrived at Saverne, at a very late hour, and in my wet and dirty garbs, and had enquired, if she could lodge me, the good woman, with a pitying tone, replied, *Oui ! mon enfant-pourquoi non ?* She supposed I was poor, and ordered Nannette to give *ce pauvre homme*, some bread and wine, *et donnés lui en affés*. I was affected with this singular benevolence of the mistress of an Auberge : but was sorely galled, that I could not then bid adieu to my misery. With a contradiction, common to mankind, I swore, “ if I was not rich, I was not poor,” and immediately ordered soup, meat, *un petit souper comme il faut* ; and though my purse could not support the condition of a gentleman, my pride

pride revolted at the wretched dependence of a beggar.

This incident determined me, in better days, and during the war against liberty, to assume the sorrowful demeanour of an emigrant. My knowledge of French, did not enable me to pass myself, as an emigré "*pour mon roi et ma religion*": nor did the political, or religious persuasions of my hosts make it adviseable. I was an emigré of Poland: my father held some rich antient Zaroosties; but had, unfortunately for his family, joined the party of the patriots, against the ambitious designs of Russia: and that our patriot King, his nobles, and people, had listened too fondly to the deceitful promises of Prussia. At this last word the Hollander broke silence, and his wife cried: both, many times, repeated, with slow and grave move-

ments of the head, and a broken articulation, *ah! Prusse, Prusse!* I had excited their sympathy; and the misery of a patriot, made them feel also for the distresses of the French emigrant. *Prince ou roturier!* she wished well to all; but, your father?--your mother?--He had fallen in battle; and of my mother, banished from my country, I knew not, whether she was dead, or alive: but I hope, the generosity of the Empress would protect a woman. They both moved their heads, and sighed a doubt: "But yourself, what will you do?--the emigrants, *chez M. le Curè*, cry all the day."--I am no woman--I shall go into America, the land of freedom, and cultivate the earth--*gagner ma vie*--" But perhaps a man, like you, may become a burgomaster?" I know not my destiny--*est ce que l'argent vous manque?* Though I assured them, I had sufficient for my journey,

journey, they reluctantly took my money. The next morning I rose at six: the good woman had already prepared a breakfast of coffee for Mynheer; but, as I was unwilling to wait, they attributed my refusal to my poverty, *mon patriote! allons déjeuner ensemble--il ne vous en coûtera pas un liard.*--I put my knapsack upon my back--the hostess, who was that moment returning with butter from the cellar, exclaimed. "don't go:" and the husband rising upon his breech, and undrawing the curtains of his bed, reached out his hand to squeeze mine—he did it with a grasp of sincerity--his wife joined his good wishes--*portez vous bien, mon ami--mon cher patriote.*

In the last penniless adventure, I assumed a distressed condition; but upon the banks of the lake of Geneva, I was once entirely destitute of money,

though I did not then wear the miserable clothes, I afterwards did at Soleure. An innkeeper, (and I don't wonder at it) displays few marks of hospitality. We had spent the preceding evening at a village, near Vevay : as a *chargée** failed the next morning for Villeneuve, my companion agreed with the master to go with him. I accompanied him, to what the Swifs, in their arrogant ambition, call the port ; and having left my knapsack in the boat, proceeded, on foot, along the heights of the mountains. At the sight of so vast a plain of water, environed by the most delightful country of the world, whose distant prospects are terminated by such mighty mountains, I might be allowed to gaze with silent wonder ; but as the wind was light, I had gone much quicker, than the boat. When I arrived

* The boats, laden with merchandize, are called upon the lake of Geneva, *chargées*.

rived at Villeneuve, I walked on the *strand*, (let me imitate Swiss importance) chiding the gentle zephyrs, which then scarcely blew. I turned to the *Embouchures du Rhone*, and directing my eyes up the extensive valley, where the Rhone had made its bed, I saw the clouds, collected in the mountains, and the lake on a sudden became dark, and ruffled. The shower began, and I took shelter in an Auberge. Presuming, that my companion would soon arrive, I demanded *deux lits*: the girl seeing one man only, persuaded herself, that the foreigner wanted *du lait*, and told me, they had none. I made motions: and repeated, with my left hand up, and head reclined, *a coucher*: *Pourquoi deux?* said she. I pointed to the lake, and endeavoured to explain, that my companion was coming by the bark. My request was now granted, and a cold repast set out for me. The

flower and storm soon abated; but when I returned upon the banks of the lake, I could not see the boat; and the waves were beating furiously against the castle of Chillon. I was not in despair: hope told me, the boat might have been forced to the shores of Savoy; and indeed I afterwards found, that it had bore away for shelter, and had safely arrived at St. Gingon, in the Dutchy of Chablais. I watched all that day; and the next morning, with increasing anxiety, expected some news of my comrade. I attempted to pass towards that side of the water: but the marshes, which the river and the lake had formed, presented a barrier, formidable as the eternal snows of Mont Blanc. I returned to the Auberge: "you have not found your companion?" On this subject I encouraged no conversation, and carefully avoided exposing my situation.

I then

I then walked on the northern side of the lake, as far as Chillon; and enquiring of every one I met, was at last consoled by the assurance, that the bark (*la chargée ? oui !*) had safely arrived at the other side of the lake. The fisherman, after he had assured me of the safety of my friend, began to expatiate on the dangers of this ocean, and on the skill, by which he had often extricated himself from the fury of the waves. I inwardly laughed at his exaggerations, and should have contemptuously repeated the story of his self-applauded courage, and marine hardiness, had I not, the next morning, seen the mighty effects of a terrible wind, which, inclosed by the mountains of the Lower Valais, and again more pent up by the rocks of St. Maurice, came rushing furiously upon the lake, and overturned, in an instant, a fishing boat, and two poor Vaudois. I

remember the stories of the fisherman with horror: I see his shrugs, and feel the change of his physiognomy, as he related to me his perils; and I know not, but that he himself was ingulphed the next disastrous morning.

After leaving the poor fisherman, I returned more gaily than I went; and as he had pointed out to me the situation of St. Gingon, I sat down, early the second morning, on a corner of the wall a little to the west of the castle of Chillon*. There was no appearance of the bark; and the sudden gust of wind from the Valais, overpowered, as I have just said, a fisherman's boat. But the sky soon again became serene: and a gentle westwardly breeze

* From this position is taken a very accurate and elegant drawing of this romantic and beautiful country, including the castle of Chillon, and terminated by the lofty and highly cultivated mountains above Bex.

breeze succeeded the storm. No boat, however, appeared: my ideas were of a melancholy kind; and the bastile of the Canton of Berne directed my reveries to the miseries of confinement. I recollected the wonderful efforts, the Swiss had made to purchase their liberty—their bloody battles with the Dukes of Austria, and Burgundy—the individual exertions of their patriots—and the romantic fable of William Tell. And yet, said I, they have permitted the existence of a state prison, where *Mon. le Baillif* exercises more despotic sway, than the governor of the French bastile. A free and virtuous government should not imitate the vices, and tyrannic practices of their more powerful neighbours; or why did they ever assert their independence against their *lawful* sovereigns of Austria? At this moment a small chaloupe

hoisted sail, and saluting the castle with its four swivels, directed its course to the Savoy side of the lake. The noise of the *guns* interrupted the course of my ideas; and when I arrived at Villeneuve, enquiring the strength of the navy of Berne, I was informed, that this was the only *batiment* of the canton, in all their ports of the waters of Geneva.

As I was returning to Villeneuve, perceiving something like a sail, behind the floating islands, near the mouth of the Rhone, I flattered myself with the expectation of seeing my companion. The boat arrived; and by it I received a letter, informing me, that he would, that evening, proceed to Aigle. He had also been embarrassed. When we prepared for the mountain expedition, we had exaggerated the difficulties, we
should

should encounter, and we believed, that no piece of money, of greater value than a French crown, could be changed by the peasants. Though our viaticum was not rich, it was heavy; and might have exceeded the weight of the iron riches of Lycurgus. I had deposited, unfortunately, our heavy riches in a corner of my knapsack; and my companion, who for a long time thought that I carried the money, dreaded the same distress.

I could not follow him that evening: it rained; but the next morning, the suspecting surly landlord, refusing me the less expensive guard of a boy, accompanied me to St. Maurice, and for his unparalleled condescension and politeness, extorted, besides a handsome gratuity for his journey, a treble charge for remaining at his house.

The

The pleasure of again meeting my companion, of recounting our little *tristes* adventures, of being provided with money, may be well fancied, and I shall not offer to describe it; but after surveying the mighty fall of Pisse Vache*, we peaceably rested the summer evening in the grande Salle at Martinach.

I separated from my English comrade among the Grison Alps: we divided our stock of money, and each was the opulent possessor of five Louis, two Crowns and some Bleützers. He came to England: but with this small stock, I was determined to see the Glaciers of Shreckhorn. My resolutions were piously formed, and as piously executed; and as an earnest, I spent

* A very grand, and well known cascade, near the entrance of the Valais.

I spent no more than thirteen *bleutzers, the first night of separation. Will the rich and lazy *Voyageur* believe me, that, with this light purse, I passed from the Grisons, by Zurich and Lucerne, to Brientz and Thun, over the pass of Gemmi, down the Valais to Vevay, by Fribourg, Avenche, and Morat, to Berne, and Soleure, along the meandering stream of the Aar, by the western banks of the lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel, to Yverdun; by the vallies of Travers and St. Imier, and the *Pierre pertuis*, to Basle and Strasburgh; by the passe of Saverne, to Luneville and Nancy; from the capital of Lorraine to Besançon; and from the Heights of Mont Jura, I descended

*. A French crown (4s. 6d. or 4s. 9d. of our money) is divided into 40 batz of the Swiss, or 160 creutzers, and into 234 bleutzers of the Grisons; and, at that rate, my night's expences amounted to little more than three pence.

scended into the charming Pays de Vaud, and to the commercial city of Geneva. I here expected, and I luckily found, a *Lettre de change*. If any expert geographer should have the curiosity of measuring the route from Spluger, in the Grisons, to Geneva, by my circuitous tour, he will not find it a less distance, than seven hundred and forty geometrical miles*. But

I must

* Walledstadt	- - -	54
Zurich	- - -	45
Brientz	- - -	60
Leuch	- - -	40
Martinach	- - -	35
Fribourg	- - -	55
Berne	- - -	30
Soleure	- - -	18
Yverdun	- - -	40
Basse	- - -	65
Straßbourg	- - -	62
Nancy	- - -	60
Langres	- - -	60
Besançon	- - -	55
Geneva	- - -	60

I must confess, when I arrived at Geneva, I could only number one French crown, a piece of twenty-one Genevan sous, three batz, and two French sous*. In the midst of this poverty, and apprehensive, as I should have been, of my future destiny, I cannot point out any one day of life, so little charged with care, as was the most irksome of these. I seldom dined; but generally rested during the mid day rage, and perused the few books, I carried with me, often repeating the memorable words of Goldsmith,

“ Remote, unfriended, melancholy flow, &c.”

This mode of travel frequently threw into my way the most distressed objects; but, except with a few sous, or a humble cold repast, my purse never permitted me to relieve them.

My

* Under six shillings.

My own miseries were not the lightest; and from them I learnt how to open my ears to complaints, and assist a brother in adversity. In the two excursions I have taken on foot, I have experienced the most delightful, and sometimes the most painful sensations. —I have seen the blessings of peace, and the miseries of war—a country flourishing and gay—and villages burnt and deserted; and if, amidst the ruins of their houses, I saw the remaining few of the neighbouring peasants, collected for a dance, I have cheerfully assisted them to forget their cares. In this chapter there may be something of sentiment, and much folly: my journeying was singular and capricious, and as the incidents are alternately ludicrous and serious, I shall finish with an answer an old woman made to our enquiries, with which, as the world may say, it suits pedestrian travellers.

travellers, it may be proper to close this chapter of folly.

Brouay is a village on the grand road between Condè and Valenciennes, distant about two miles from the latter; but as we wished to avoid both these towns, because every soul, and our own feelings, attested *que l'air n-y-etoit pas bon*, we walked by the banks of the river, in hopes of finding a place, where we could pass it. We inquired of an old woman the road to Mons—" *Pour aller a Gemappe ?*" she replied, and we said, yes!—" You may pass," said she, " by the glacis of Valenciennes." " But the ruins?" said I:—she shook her head, and ejaculated " *Ces malheureuses bombes*, and by the glacis of Condè, you will see the waste of the inundation."—" *Oui! ma mere! mais pour aller par le chemin,*
le

*le plus court ?” “ Je vous le dirai,
mon enfant :—mais c’est le plus dange-
reux : il faut passer entre les deux villes,
—par la maison de folie.”*

CHAP. IV.

PASSEPORT.

HOWEVER sentimental or virtuous, the traveller may be, was he as abstracted from this world as the inhabitants of Venus, or of Georgium Sidus, he must not forget, that a passeport is necessary to his safety. If unfortunately, he is poor, he may apply to the foreign ambassadors in town: assuming the air of a man *comme il faut*, he may have the honour to be introduced to his excellency: or, perhaps, the secretary of embassy may gravely inquire, what he wishes. Your request will be granted, for they wish not to take the trouble of discovering your real character; but will courteously

tebously introduce you to the notice of the *Officiers de garde*, in whatever noble or plebeian, aristocratic, or *canaille* garb, may suit your caprice, or flatter your vanity.

But if the *rich* and pampered, or the poor, but presumptuous, will generously contribute to the liquidation of the debts of the state; or if he wishes, by the trifling gratuity of two guineas, to make his bow in the office of the secretary of state, or enter the venal walls of the treasury, perhaps with the *seditious* hope of glancing at the lucrative seat of a treasury minion, he may discover something of the insolence of office. Should his jacobinized mind have the daring presumption to think, or his envious tongue utter a half smothered murmur against the modest fees of office, some disinterested supporter of our king and constitution,

stitution, will chide his insolent reason, and, perhaps, to convince his avarice of their honest renumeration, will, silently and gravely, condescend to point to a handsome *gilt* picture frame. If the traveller has been cursed by any optical defects, or if his churlish fortune has not provided him with a concave medium, he will be deprived of the happy beauties of the picture, and, unable to discern its justness and gilded symmetry, may lose the opportunity of extolling our glorious constitution. Reader, you have been informed, that the men high in office are young: had you been present, or received a passeport, signed "Grenville," I hope you would not, like me, have applied "My lord" to the young man, who receives two guineas for granting you the liberty of sojourning a week out of the kingdom.

Having

Having received my passeport : I hastened, with gigantic strides, and inflated dignity, to present it to "all the admirals, generals, governors, magistrates, and other officers, civil, as well as military, of the princes and states, friends, and allies of his majesty."—I little suspected, that they would give, or permit to be given, any *empêchement*, as "William Baron Grenville of Wotton, privy counsellor of his majesty, and also his secretary of state for the foreign department," required, that they should give "all aid and assistance."

My two guineas had, indeed, purchased the title of *Gentilhomme Anglois*, and extended, as I then thought, my right of travel, *dans le pays étranger* : and as the passeport generously promised reciprocal advantages, and with the delusive hope, that his majesty's allies

allies would give me aid and assistance, I landed upon Belgic ground with mighty confidence. The Austrian comandant would have respected the arms, and signature of a British noble, and have permitted me to leave the town, "because the English follow the old system: they are the allies of my master *L'Empereur et roi.*"—But the English governor hesitated: and at last reluctantly marked out a very limited route to the adventurous excursion of 1793. He inquired minutely into the motives of the journey, but liberally demanded nothing for his trouble. I expected, that the ennobled secretary's passeport, would supersede the necessity of answering a governor's suspicious inquiries: but he had learnt, that though two guineas could purchase a sheet of paper, upon which was imposed *l'empreinte de nos Armes*, it did not purchase an unsuspected reputation.

Fortunately our allies, and subsidiary soldiers, in general, bow to the name of *Anglois*; and few only, savagely repeat " *Quel secrétaire d'état ?* "

I know not how it happened, but upon our first entry (1791) into France, we added, to my ignorance of the language, the want of a passeport; and in this destitute state, we contrived to pass, after our first interruption by *quelques cavaliers de Marechausée*, through woods, and over rivers, as far as Soissons. We had little money: and there we hoped, our purses would have been strengthened by a remittance. We rested six days in great suspense; but, at last, wearied by a state of expectation, long deferred, we resolved to encounter the dangers of the road. Without a passeport, we hesitated to proceed. We recollected, that in passing by a country path from the road

road of Noyon to that of Compienne, but carefully avoiding both, we were saluted by a hot-headed democrat: he thought, he was watching for the good of his country: his intentions might be honest, but his conduct was not courteous; and he demanded our passeports in the name of the nation. By some means, we eluded his justice, and early the next morning, purchasing our passage across the Oise, near Bac-a-bellerive, quietly, though not without continual apprehensions, pursued our journey to Soissons. So agitated was my mind, that I was a long time unhappy at the sight of a national uniform; and to a similar first impression, many may, perhaps, attribute their hatred of French liberty.

By the recommendation of M. Le Fevre, *Aubergiste a l'enseigne de la croix d'or*, the mayor and the municipal

pal officers granted us permission to travel *dans le royaume*; and will the English secretary of state believe my assertion, that these "roarers at the name of king," these enemies of peace and good order; these ruinous anarchists, extorted no more than five sous for their trouble. The title of *Gentilhomme*, or what we pleased, is purchased for two guineas; but for five sous, we were necessarily degraded to *les sieurs-deux natifs de Londres*; and for our only recommendation to protection, we were indebted to the honest assertion of our host, that we had lodged ten days with him, and had behaved *avec honneur et probite*.

Slender, as was this support, we, however, passed thence to Turin: many solemn shakes of the head, and "*pas trop bonne*," convinced us, that it was necessary to be renewed. Though

vus

vûs passer was written on it, till it was impossible to write any more, though attested by colonels, majors, captains, *consignès, soldats de ligne, et de la garde nationale*, and though one inn-keeper had attested, by the commands of a Swiss *Marechausée*, that we had *sleep* at his house, the cruel officer on guard at the gate of Turin, ordered, with the most suspecting promptitude, that a rank and file, with fixed bayonets, should attend us to the *caverne*. We had no appearance of better days: and the disregard of our persons had been so long habitual, that we could not lay aside the mien of *sans culottes*, nor assume the hauteur of the free-born Englishman. The *caverne*, to which we were consigned, was fortunately the town hall. Our examination was summary: we took shelter under the title of Englishmen; and the municipal despot, at length dismissing

our other guards, ordered a long flaxen headed serjeant of the *garde du roi*, to conduct *ces deux garçons chez son excellence l'ambassadeur*.

The politeness of our reception was commensurate with the appearance of way-worn pedestrians; and as the *ministre preparatif* was then speculating upon the submissive, and indolent mind of the Empress of Russia, the cave was intended to be changed into the less irksome slavery of an English man of war. This, Mr. Trevor confessed to us, was the first thought, that struck him, upon our entering his library. I know not how opinions are changed: but after very few preliminary questions, with, I presume, satisfactory answers, he left his ambassadorial dignity, and smiling, asked our little adventures. He again resumed his chair, and prepared our passeports;

passports : but what shall I — ? This gentleman is — : this unfinished answer drew his eyes to our persons : “ *Mais pourquoi sans bas ?* ” “ *Je crois que votre excellence n’a pas beaucoup voyagé à pie.* ” — “ *Non ! jamais !* ” — “ *Cet équipage est plus commode pour la marche.* ” He smiled, gave us the gazettes to read ; and kindly finished our passports. We were stiled “ *Anglois faisant un tour à pied pour leur amusement en France, la Suisse et L’Italie* ; but the venal example of the treasury had not reached the houses of our ambassadors abroad. *Gratis*, large as the most myop eye could discern, was written at the foot of the passport : and a table of fruits, and wine, was hospitably set out in the adjoining room.

It was valuable for three months ; but the first day from Turin, its authenticity was questioned : and the gover-

nor of the citadel of Casal, defended, as he was, by bastions and hornworks, dreaded to permit these two *sans cullottes*, to pass the Piemont Frontier. He, however, reluctantly signed the permission to sleep in his town. Man is ever desirous of greater liberty, than he enjoys: although we had predetermined to remain in the town, the limited permission of this military despot made us brave the danger of spending the whole night in the air.

After having often extricated ourselves from many difficulties, to which our mode of travel, and dress hourly exposed us, and having, with some ingenuity, eluded the insidious stratagems of recruiting serjeants, we peaceably traversed the dutchies of Milan and Mantua, skirted the states of Venice, and from the city of Milan passed by the lakes of Como, and Chiavenna, and over the
lofty

lofty pass of Spluger, to the northern side of the Alps—from the delicious vales, and mountainous beauties of the Italian Alps, to the vast and savage sublimity of the Rheinwald—from the luxurious, sensual, and enslaved melancholy of Italy, to the hardy, chaste, and free air of the Grisons—to those

——— “Hilly regions, where embrac’d
In peaceful vales, the happy Grisons dwell.”

Arrived at Spluger, my companion and I determined to part: his state of health did not permit him to bear such extreme fatigue; but how to journey?—Our passeport could not be divided: Fortune, however, threw into our way, at this small collection of wooden sheds, a gentleman of the most amiable manners. He was not invested with the dignity of an ambassador, nor was he *Monf. le Baron*: but the discerning government had properly appreciated

his abilities, and conferred on him the office of *Landamman-en charge du Reinwald*.

In the cantons, or among the allies of the Swifs, the ease of the traveller is little disturbed by the insolence of the *Marechaussée*: the minds of the natives are as free, as the air they breathe; but some rumours of insurrections had so awakened the dozing jealousy of the Swifs, that in contempt of the passeport of an ambaffador of his Britannic Majesty, authenticated by the good Martin Tremp, of the Reinwald, the officer, on guard, refused, that *ces deux pauvres diables* should eat a breakfast in the city of Zurich. They would not receive us: but, in the true spirit of philosophy, we refused to shake the dust from off our feet, or curse the guilty city.

I had

I had not three days left this unbelieving city, and was travelling along the edges of the canton of Underwaldt, in the pleasing company of two well informed Valaisans, when our attention was commanded by the cries of a woman. We returned: "*Die Wacht*, the barrier of the canton of Berne—shew your passeports." "What! a woman!" said the officer, who had served in a Swiss regiment of Spain, "the first time—*c'est une chose unique*—I have fought *Monf. L'Anglois*, at Minorca, and at Gibraltar, against your brave countrymen—and I live to be stopt by a woman. *Non! allons camarades-courage!*"—and he led us away from, what he thought, so much debasement. "This seldom happens;" said the negotiant, "a woman would rather shew you how to pass the porte—*nos femmes en Suisse sont sauvages.*" A little more merriment, and some *equivokes*, cooled

the wounded pride of our warrior; and we soon plodded, more peaceably, and in silent admiration of the sublime appearances of the mountains of Berne.

In the autumn of 1791, the national assembly decreed, full licence to pass and repass throughout the realm, and that no one, native or foreigner, should be obliged to shew a passeport. The decree was evidently taken from the liberties of England: but the exigencies of the times soon made it necessary to be repealed. I was happy to know, I was free: and to the gay peasants, I extolled the justice of the law; "and 'tis the same in my country."—"Yes, *Anglois*, we are brothers."—"Are not all mankind brothers?"—"None, but English and French, know the blessings of liberty."

Upon

Upon the frontiers of Dauphinè, as I descended a small passe of the mountains, I was met by some national guards, of the village of *Le Buis*; their behaviour was courteous and friendly. *Où alléz vous ?*—to Grenoble. Where do you sleep?—At Piol—à Piol was repeated by every mouth, and resounded by the vast rocks, which, at that place, seemed to have confined us. “At Piol we embraced some comrades going to the frontiers,” and shewing me their sabres, we will conquer or die.—“But you, my friend, are not of this country?”—“No, I am of England.” “Lo! a brother—*il faut l’embrasser* :”—with their naked sabres, pointed to the setting sun, they swore to fight, and die for liberty. *Mais Anglois ! pourquoi non allons ! avec votre sabre de bois.* Prudence required, that I should immediately join them, and could an Englishman refuse

refuse to swear, that he was a friend of liberty? The phlegm of my constitution prevented the exact imitation of their frantic vows, and my prejudices shuddered at *embrassons nous*. My slowness was soon attributed to political principles; and *d'ou venez vous?* harshly spoken by one, recalled the national guards to reason. "*Your passeport?*"—"but the national assembly"—I was intending to obey their laws, and refused to shew it. Jealous of their new acquired liberty, they viewed me from head to foot: and some of them thought, they saw an aristocratic mien, whilst they all allowed my dress to be that of a *veritable sans-culotte*. "You are right, my comrades—*et cet air! n'est il pas celui d'un apôtre de la liberté.*" I now shewed my passe: but *près de sa Majesté la roi, de Sardaigne,*" again staggered them; and "you come from Sardinia?"

Sardinia?"—"No; from Piemont."

—"Mais c'est au roi de Sardaigne."

He was an aristocrat: conclusion followed conclusion: our ambassador, *quoi qu'il fût Anglois*, was an aristocrat; and I was travelling, with these false colours, as a spy for the princes. The numerous *vû passer* were of no value, till one honest looking guard *des hautes Alpes* directed their attention to the indorsement, made at Besançon by the municipal officers. Strange, that municipality could save, whilst royalty, and aristocracy might have destroyed me!!! I was now restored to favour, to liberty, and then *bon voyage, mon ami*: and I hastened to repose my wearied limbs at the next village.

I was not disposed for society: but some courteous *Dauphinois*, who had also been accompanying their fellow villagers, on the road to the frontiers, and elated with

with wine, invited me most warmly to join their party. I declined: they pressed: I heatedly refused; but was immediately obliged to shew my passeport. A severe altercation took place: a naked sabre did not recall me to reason; and I continued obstinate, till one of them made a stroke at me. I retreated, and received the smallest possible cut under the nose. "Does it not smell of blood?"—"Yes," returned I, with French Gasconade, "of the blood of the brave."—"You do not fear," said another—"No! an Englishman—an innocent man, knows no fear." They thought, I was alluding to my country, rather than to my innocence. "But one Englishman cannot fight two or three of us." I allowed the equality of man; and they bestowed upon me, the character of firmness.—"Yes," said I, "*c'est la liberté, qui rent les Anglois fermes.*"—"Il en est de

de même de nous." I had touched the favourite chord; it vibrated, till every heart was harmonized.

In these unhappy times, the most trifling accident creates suspicion: in the republics of France, of Switzerland, and Venice, or in the kingdoms of Europe, the traveller is charged with the intention of subverting the thrones, of seducing the people from their allegiance to their lawful sovereigns, or with the royal wish of re-establisshing tyranny. If any of my readers are inclined for an excursion upon the continent, among the allied forces, let me advise, that he provides himself with the passeport of the Imperial envoy. The soldiers of Germany respect the *black eagle*, imprinted upon his passeports, more than they respect reason, or England. Their master may acknowledge the generous influence

ence of British money; but in British arms, seeing nothing of the "Majesty Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic," the German soldier treats a common passport with contempt, and bends his proud head to none, but Cæsar.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

HOWEVER various and amusing may be the incidents, and anecdotes of the journey, you cannot altogether forget your country, and your friends, or forbid the memory to recall the pleasures of youth. Your country may be dear to you; but the anxiety of friends, the fondness of a mother, or the more tender solitudes of love demand, and obtain a paramount attention. I know not, if the French imitate the custom, practised by English sailors.—I think they do not—of remembering once a week our friends,
“ our

“our sweathearts, and wives.” Being born in a sea-port town, and accustomed to hear the rough, and imperious voice of a father, frequently repeat the toast, I seldom omitted to drink, every Saturday night, *à nos bonnes amies*. I frequently explained the meaning of the custom: it was, generally, thought good, and it seldom failed to direct the conversation to the habits, customs, and prejudices of Englishmen, and sailors. The Italian dilated on the riches, and resources of our country; and the Frenchman unwillingly allowed us the merit, or demerit of being the despots of the ocean—*des diables à la mer*. If national prejudice involves many a brave, and courageous seaman in the fatal mistake, that single handed, “he can beat ten Mounseers;” national vanity prompts the Frenchman to insinuate, with his compliments to English valour, and power,

power, that his country is strong, both by sea and land; and late experience, or the obstinacy of ministers, have woefully taught us, that they are "an armed nation."

With an English companion, your conversation would sometimes incline to the recital of your friendships: *à nos bonnes amies* would quickly flash upon the mind, *les petites affaires de cœur*. Saturday night was to me the most agreeable of the week; and although, like an industrious man, I should have arranged the accounts of the last seven days, friendship, and love will forgive me, if I sacrificed to their more delicious sensations, to Bacchus, and heart-easing mirth, the irksome demands of care. But more exquisite, than the pleasure of remembering your friends, is the heart-felt satisfaction of being remembered by them.

bsd I

Absence

Absence operates, as powerfully, to cement the obligations of friendship, as, lovers say, it quickens the flame of love.

Letter writing is, in general, esteemed a trouble; but letters of Friendship are written with pleasure; and if your acquaintances, who are enjoying their family consolations, knew half the sensation, so small a mark of their remembrance affords to the traveller, they would not deny you a gratification, which costs them so little. One letter, in particular, electrified me: I had been three months from England, which I had left without the knowledge of my friends, and had, in that time, received only one letter. It commanded my immediate return; but the desire of seeing the continent, in this eccentric way, and the pleasures I had already tasted, prevented obedience.

I had

I had mentioned Strasbourg, as a probable place of finding me; but on account of the disregard to a parent's commands, I knew not what to expect; and I went slowly to the post office, in the most painful suspense. There was none—I then demanded, if there was not a letter addressed à Mr. ———: I opened it with trepidation; and finding the arms of my parent open to receive me, I burst into tears. I went to the inn; and having asked for paper, endeavoured to commit my gratitude, and feelings to an impression, more durable than memory. Ideas crowded upon ideas: but they were confused; and when I attempted to select them, my hand had so sympathised with the convulsions of the mind, that it could not hold a pen. The kind-hearted *fille de la maison*, who was witness to the effect, but could not divine the cause, ran away, and returning, with
some

some *eau de vie*, insisted I should take
un bon coup.

I related this singular sensation to an English gentleman, with whom I accidentally met in Savoy, and passed the lake from Meillierie to Vevay. We had been enjoying the delicious reveries of Rousseau; and from the stone, upon which St. Preux wrote to Julia, he, perhaps, had caught some of the sparks of his passion. He had before spoken something of a lady, whose name he either concealed, or did not know, but of whom he frequently, and tremuously half uttered—
“*Ma petite—ma bonne—ma charmante.*”
I enquired, if she was not a French lady—then I presumed, she knew French: “I thought so too,” said he, “at first;”—she has been at Paris—at Notre Dame; and her last parting words commanded me, to offer up an
Ave

Ave Maria for her there. Fate did not direct me thither; "but—I am charged," said he, "with this dear commission, and though our attachment, by a cruel authority, is broken, or suspended, I will most devoutly obey her, and run through my string of beads, to serve her, the next time I go to Paris—I will remember, that she has been there." "But why sigh, my friend?"—he shook his head,—“My dreams of happiness are blasted,” said he; and he burst into tears. I was anxious to divert his mind from the recollection of what seemed to imbitter his pleasures, and proposed, that we should go to Madame ——’s ball, that evening, at Vevay. He returned me no answer; his tears were suddenly stopt; in a moment his tenderness turned into rage, and he exclaimed, “Deceit—art—unrequited love!”—I knew not the meaning of this sudden

exclamation, and calmly attended the *denouement*. His passions suddenly took another course: and afterwards becoming more tranquil, he began to relate to me the singular effect of an interesting love-letter.

* During the war in Brabant, said he, I resolved to follow the fortunes of the Patriots; and as the cause of liberty sounds well in the ears of all good men, and presuming, that Brussels would be the radius of a circle, which might extend, I knew not how far, towards the capital of the German Cæsar, I desired, that *ma petite* would address

* This conversation took place, sometime in the summer of 1791, and from the age of my susceptible companion, I presume, he must have alluded to the war, called "Patriotic," which arose in the Austrian Low Countries, at the instigation of the priests, and for the preservation of images, and religious houses. Joseph wished to cleanse the Augean stable, but he wanted the *prudent* strength of Hercules.

address to me her first letter to Coblenz. I need not mention to you the fortune of the war: the sudden reverse involved many of my countrymen in the most distressing dilemmas; and the thousands, or hundreds, which many had expended, in raising of regiments, or companies, were all lost in a moment. Treachery, or the ignorance of the military leaders, made our patriot bands, an easy conquest to the discipline of the Imperial regiments; and the plains of the *foi disant* Belgia were quickly overrun by the troops of Hussars, Croats, and Slavonians, thirsting after the blood and ravage, they had indulged in, during the Turkish campaign. The boldest of the sons of Belgia fell under the military and inexorable justice of these foreigners, or by the orders and clemency of Cæsar. The fortune of the war, and the unsettled state of the Luxemburghs,

prevented me from pursuing my journey in the peaceable garb of a citizen; and not having the honour of bearing a commission, I durst not assume the dangerous uniform of a soldier. I had seen, and I dreaded, the summary punishment of the musquet. The roads were at length cleared of the army followers; and I pursued my journey by Luxemburgh and Trêves to Coblentz.

“ I have rambled far,” said he, “ and had not Coblentz reminded me of the reason of beginning this story, I should have, perhaps, forgot her and it for ever.”—I looked at him: his physiognomy appeared, as I believe, his mind was, rather bewildered: but after a moment’s pause, taking his eyes from the ground, he wildly fixed them upon me: he seemed big with his tale, but had again forgot it. He suddenly ejaculated

ejaculated—" Yes! Coblantz"—and went on—" I ran to the post office:" " but the Grand Guard?"—" don't disturb me," said he, " my duty to my mistress--and the soldier did not prevent me. The Mozelle was full, and I descended in a boat, night and day: I ran to the post"—"*la poste aux lettres?*"—" *Oui!*--received, and greedily opened it--I was musing on her goodness--fondling, folding, and unfolding her letter: my eyes observed the characters: but my mind was with her. I finished the letter; yet I knew not, what it contained. The postmaster, who had seen my eager fondness, and politely waited to the end of the dream, now offered me the change, and asked me, if I had seen the Duchess of Devonshire. He shewed me a letter to her--*poste restante*. My senses were absorbed: I gave him no answer; but

turning to the guard, chided his impatience with a piece of twenty creutzers. Military severity, by this means, softened into a smile. From the grand guard to the comandant, *poste restante* filled my mind; and taking out my letter along with my passeport, I inconsiderately gave it into the comandant's hand: *ce n'est pas votre passeporte*, said the Prussian officer, who then commanded in the town. I blushed; I gave my passe with one hand, and receiving my letter with the other, I secretly put it to my mouth, and kissing it, shrugged admiration, and love of the dear writer.

“ I was dismissed with contempt, and though an *Anglois*, suspected to be a fool; and I dare say,” said he, “ my physiognomy was distracted.” “ 'Tis not settled now,” said I: he was not affronted

affronted with my sincerity ; and after a few pauses, and hesitating, what was next, proceeded in his narration.

“ I went to the Imperial arms ; and sitting down in the far corner of the *salle à manger*, opened her letter, with an intention to read, and remember it. Her mind was variously agitated ; and my sensations were elevated, or depressed with her's : if she was melancholy, I was not volatile : if she soared by her own, or by another's wings, to heaven, if she assumed, or was indued with, the robes of a deity, I could no longer support the condition of a man--weak and frail. She was a deity, enthroned in heaven ; but if my pensive gloomy mind forbade me to aspire to the pre-eminence of Jupiter, I hoped, if I could obtain the place of Saturn, I should be within the radiance of her benignity. In this

elevated seat, I could not hope for a gradual descent; and if any cruel change took place, which fate forbid, and I was no changeling, Jupiter, said I, will respect the seat of the father of the gods, and shaded by the laurel of Apollo, his thunderbolt, rolling on my head, will forbear to crash me into my original nothingness."

"I don't understand you," said I, "my friend." He sunk into a deep reverie: he returned to himself; and when I related to him his account of melancholy, of faturnity, in heaven, he seemed inclined to explain--uttered a few words--and then making a pause, and with a wild unmeaning look, "*ma bonne* will understand it."

I endeavoured to change the subject: I spoke of Mr. Gibbon, and his retirement at Lauzanne; and he noticed

ticed General Pfiffer's excellent model of that interesting country; but his ideas were, every moment, returning to his *bien aimée*. I then attempted to divert his attention to the charms of a lady, he had seen at Lustri; but this was as ineffectual; for the respect, he had seemed to pay to her, arose, he confessed, from the similarity of features, and the happy benevolence of physiognomy.—“Otherwise,” said he, “to compare my benevolent, my tender-hearted, my melancholy---with any thing of feminine, I then shrink from, I should stain her fair name: no chymic power, no ages of contrition could efface it.” He continued to rave in this incoherent manner, frequently exclaiming, “Blessed insensibility!” the boatmen continually directed their eyes to him: but as we spoke in English, they knew not what to think. He alternately was calm,

and in a moment returned to expressions of rage, and disappointment---
“Look here!” said he: “this ribbon I wear, in the place of a talisman, she gave me: it should preserve me from war, and pestilence; and whilst I wore it, I could not altogether drive her away from my thoughts. She breathed upon it, as I then fondly thought, with the breath of sanity, and perfection; and however changed my opinion, my heart still loves the dear deceiver.”
As he uttered these last words, his physiognomy seemed much convulsed: he reclined his head, and seemed dejected--then he raved, and appeared indignant at her deceit, or at his own weakness--but soon again softened into tenderness. “Could not pity,” said he, “touch my heart; as I expected mercy from that God, in whom I believed, could I persecute, with unexampled cruelty, a woman I once professed

ferred to love? That dear woman, who never injured me, even in thought?--What gratification---what happiness could I propose to myself, in adding daily to the miseries of her, who, heaven knows, was sufficiently tortured, both in mind and body?--Could her total destruction be necessary to my repose?" He looked attentive at me, and then sighed; "but where, alas! is vanished that boasted honour, liberality of sentiment, nobleness, greatness of soul, she fondly believed, I possessed?" He raved--was silent--stood up--sat down--murmured--but she still was an angel. I calmly enquired, how he had lost the talisman--he furiously exclaimed, he had burnt it. Tenderness again soothed his passions; but when I wished to know the reason of thus treating her gift, he looked wistfully in my face, and with a grave motion of his head, replied, "'tis a

story too long to be told." He paused: --" I will yet," said he, " offer up an Ave Maria for her, the next time I go to Paris: "--but when he arrives there, finding Notre Dame, consecrated to reason, and the republic, he will return to the bosom of his friends.

By this time, the boat had arrived within one hundred yards of the port of Vevay. We walked, arm in arm, up to the inn; and, in order to expel his melancholy vapours, I insisted, that he should accompany me to the conversation of Madame ———; " and to-morrow, the day of my nativity," said I, " we will gratify our minds with the charms, and in acts of benevolence." His nature was generous; but fortune had not been bountiful. I was astonished at his silence: he had something to say, but he hesitated. His mind was sombrous; and his advice,

vice, though good, was rather ill-timed:—"Beware," said he, "that your acts of benevolence are not prompted by the gratifications of pleasure: the pure streams of virtue, and goodness, if the fountains, from which they spring, are abundant, soon lose themselves, in the desert of life, amidst the sands of pride, vanity, fame, and enjoyment. Time is for ever on the wing; and before to morrow's Aurora, his scythe may cut down the blade of our existence. We are both launched on the ocean of life: I have listened, too attentively, to the siren voice of pleasure; but do you beware of the soft attractions of the world. I think, you are not volatile; I lament, that my nature was not impregnated with a more copious portion of apathy. You have witnessed to day the most unhappy sensations of the human mind; and from my disastrous fortune, learn

to

to enjoy the uncontrouled possession of yourself."

After a cup of coffee, and in the company of some foreign gentlemen, the conversation assumed a very different form. We walked upon the eminences, above this delicious villa, and continued a long philosophic and religious discussion, till a late hour of the evening. As we were so happy, we declined any other company; and I forebore, this Saturday night, my weekly custom of toasting my friends, or more tender connections. The approach of Sunday turned the conversation to the follies, and vices, errors, or goodness of mankind, to the religious prejudices, and intolerant spirit of the catholic faith. Born in the golden reign of philosophy, we equally derided the austere manners of Calvin, and the splendid ignorance of Rome,

Rome, and her disciples; and, with contempt, admired the joyous faces of the Hebrew people, kindly released by the twelfth hour, from the ceremonious discharge of the duties of the Judaic sabbath.

As this night precedes the holy day, which men were told to consecrate to the higher duties of their nature, to God, and to rest, we should all, with pious awe, upon the threshold of the temple, be ready, as far as we can, or believe, to praise the glorious book, which contains the sacred truths. Truth, however, is universal; but how small a portion of the universe obey the laws, which christians say, are the word of God, and for whose honour, for our altars, our king, and liberties, and for the protection of social order, the kings and ministers of Europe are now waging the most murderous

murderous war, recorded in modern history. If truth is universal, and the dicta of christians are inspired truths, why confine its divine operation to a seventh only of the human species? Or when they were revealed, were a thousand emanations of the Godhead, at the same moment, miraculously conceived, born, and murdered by human hands; and did they unfold, and comment upon those sacred truths, in the thousand worlds, created by the same breath of Omnipotence? Are not all his children, in an instant created, since protected, by the equal superintending care of the father? Are all the other worlds, immersed in greater darkness, or illuminated by his more effulgent brightness? Are we the most favoured, or the youngest step-sons of his providence? Are the inhabitants of the thousand worlds, equally the prey of tyrants and each other,

other, doomed to misery, and want, oppressed by one, or an hundred lords? Does the fell fiend of war, everywhere, stalk over the kindred worlds, and more than *tithe* the honest labours of the poor? Are the people, everywhere, slaves and tranquil, or struggling into liberty? Have the thousand millions of worlds been ordered to celebrate hebdomadal thanksgivings? And are the modern French, alone, permitted to institute national, and decadary festivals, and loudly chaunt the hymns of liberty, in the temples of reason? Shall we, blind mortals, dread the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, or with fonder hope, expect the regeneration of the universe? Shall we, obedient to the interpretations of our christian masters, devoutly and soberly lament the calamities of our country, whilst regardless of national misfortunes, and in soft imitation of Eastern manners,

manners, English ministers, in contempt of royal authority, of the sufferings of the poor, and of the general humiliation, live in chambering and wantoness, and after the carousels of the evening, but in proof of their sincere attachment to the interests of religion, reel to the fast, ordained by royal proclamation?

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

SUNDAY.

I HAD seen the solemn, holy, appearance of this day in England, and admired the reverent demeanour of my countrymen; and when we had passed our first Sunday at Abberville, I expected, that all the usages of mankind should accord with the manners and habits of Englishmen. Less sombrous than my friend at Vevay, you had happily contrasted the occasional gaiety of catholicism, emanating from the gloom of devotion, with the solemn and precise severity of Scottish puritans. Having seen the silent and punctilious observance

observance of the Lord's day, I was astonished at the gay and happy countenance of *Dimanche*. Every thing around me was new, noisy, and bustling; and at Abbeville, I saw the sab-bath, converted into a holiday.

During the many Sundays, I have sojourned on the continent, I have been much surprized at the variety of religious worship; sometimes melancholy with the gloom of Calvin, cheered by the mild light of Luther, or my reason enchained by the ceremonious splendour of the *veritable* religion, and my senses fascinated by the melody of music, and the pomp of worship. Once my religious faith was confirmed on an Easter eve: and in the sudden transition, from darkness and doubt, to light and conviction, I joined the plaintive sorrow of Maria Magdalena: "they have taken away
my

my Lord, and I know not, where they have lain him.” *

Sunday, on the continent, is a day of pleasure, of joy, and dance; the priests encourage it; and even the good bishop of Cambray, the benevolent Fenelon, approved these weekly relaxations of the people. Near Soissons, at a small village on the right banks of the Aisne, I saw the evening amusements of Sunday: the villagers were, from a league round, collected, and numerous parties of Soissonnais assisted to

* In several towns, which acknowledge catholicism, but particularly at Cologne and Munster, they celebrate Easter eve with every solemnity, that craft can devise, or devotion acquiesce in. The church, hung in black, and darkened, is, in a moment, lighted up, and Mary Magdalen, dressed in white, and spotless as faith, comes sorrowing out of a grave, in the middle aisle: and the whole congregation joins this hapless virgin, and the sympathizing bands of angels, in lamenting the loss of our Seigneur.

to diversify the motley group. The number of the company might be five hundred; and as it was in summer, they were all seated on benches in the open air. Their dress was varied, as their condition; but their countenances were all happy, gay, and expressive. They regaled themselves with coffee, cyder, or wine: each one followed his own, or his mistress's taste; and the married brought their children to join, or to learn, the festive dance. Some wore the garb of citizens: a few only were content with their rustic habits; but all carried the enormous military hat, or what the interested hat manufacturers had falsely intitled *chapeau à l'Angloise*. Two young men, who, my Soissonnais companion told me, were *diablement riches*, artfully uniting the appearance of an affection for liberty, with a more tender regard for vanity, struggled to dance in English boots.

Five

Five musicians ascended an elevated seat; and after turning the fan part of their hats in front, and reclining their heads most attentively *à gauche*, to attune their violins, they straightened, and boldly summoned the company to begin—*ça-ira—ça-ira—ça-ira*. I had never before heard the tune; and in the notes, I found nothing interesting. I was immediately chided for my indifference, by two *dames*, whom my companion and tutor, wishing to instruct me in what I could see as well as a Frenchman, intitled, *pas jeunes—pas trop belles*: “*Ce petit air, M. L’Anglois,*” said they, “*est consacré à la liberté.*” The symphony was ended; and many parties, in a moment, were ranged, *en rond*, to dance to this favourite tune. These were succeeded by new partners: the animation increased with the evening freshness, and at nine o’clock, the little green was filled

filled by ten *contredances*, and surrounded by some hundred spectators. As we returned along the promenade, between the river and the town, we met crowds of Bourgeois, walking, or reposing upon the benches. The dignitaries of the church were pointed out to me by my democrat friend: "Do not they walk *bien tristement*? voyez les!" He then shewed me a non-juring clergyman; and, after loading him with an unnatural epithet, he turned my attention to three *desmoiselles*, whom he allowed to be *charmant*
tes-bien degagées, bien polies; but as they had had the misfortune to be born of the ancient noblesse, they did not possess, in his mind, a common portion of virtue, or goodness. Their appearance, their pensive air, or their sex, excited a commiseration in my breast: but this inflexible *sans culotte* would not permit me to indulge a moment's sympathy.

sympathy. "*Allons ! marchez plus vite,*" and he hurried me in an instant to the door of the theatre, *pour entendre l'interessante histoire de Jean de Calas, mise en comedie.*

This was a Sunday evening in France: the morning, however, is something different there, as well as in the other catholic countries. The *messe* is celebrated at a very early hour: to the church the catholic goes laden with his sins; and having deposited his iniquities at the foot of some guardian saint, he returns with gaiety, and lightness, to meditate upon the commission of new follies. The wooden or stone *dieux* of the mountains, and the gilded crucifixes of the richer vallies, receive, this morning, very early testimonies of the religious adoration of the people; and at a late hour of the evening, the same fanatics, then cha-

characterizing the jocund votaries of Bacchus and Venus, insult the divinity of the virgin, her son, or the saints; and furcharged with the pleasures of the evening, piously return to the labours of the ensuing week. The bigot will bow, murmur an Ave Maria, and with many mystical crosses, demean himself, abject and servile, before "the work of men's hands," and will rail at the peaceable protestant, or philosophic traveller, if he insults not his own reason to flatter catholic credulity, and by a species of inexplicable transubstantiation, does not blasphemously convert the inanimate image, into the ineffable majesty of the Godhead. The dispensations, which pious craft devoutly sells, and profane riches easily purchase, conscientiously contribute to the violation of the laws of the decalogue, and morality: but the pious faith of the believer,

believer, would be alarmed, and startle, if your hand should touch, or an unruly blast should ruffle the consecrated picture of the holy virgin, or if a poor lame beggar, who could not reach his home without assistance, should dare to touch one of the crutches, which the piety of a brother Claudus had deposited in the chapel, in honour of the tutelary saint.

In the Tarentaise, (a district among the mountains of Savoy) the poor inhabitants were hurrying along the narrow, and confined gorge of the Isère, to the church of Sainte Foi: some were leaning over the church-yard wall; and greater numbers, who had been present at the first mass, and were completely purified, were in the adjoining cabaret, stupifying themselves with their sour wine, or relaxing their devotional sollicitudes, and preparing for

the succeeding vespers, by altercations at cards. Having been informed, that the poor Savoyard was honest and religious, patient and submissive, I began to anticipate the immoral inclinations, artful and unruly tempers of the Italians; and had I flitted from the noisy Isère, to the plains of the Milaneze, I should not have known which to have despised the more—the honest patience of the mountaineer, or the implacable irascibility of Italy.

In the cities of Pavia and Brescia, I saw the *domenica* of the nobility, and most excellent Signors: in the country, the gambols and amusements of the people. At Montecaro, though we had convivially toasted our friends till a late hour of Saturday night, we arose at four in the morning; and at that early hour, saw numerous parties of this lively people advance, with fear, trembling,

trembling, and most guilty awe, to the portals of the church. A single, mystical touch of the holy water enlivened their gloom; and before they had finished the routine of preparatory expiation, their physiognomy was illuminated with the glory of virtue. After the mysterious discharge of the morning ceremonial, the pious bigot flies to the gratifications of pleasure, and pursues his inclinations, till the evening vespers again summon him to devotion. The houses of entertainment overflow with sensualists, noisy, and irascible; and if any one of them has ever seen the sober demeanour of Sunday in England, he, with reason, demands, "*Le dimanche — n'est il pas triste dans votre pays?*"

In a village near Brescia, I saw an altercation at cards so violent, that I dreaded the commission of murder; and

I must confess, my inability to describe their horrid oaths. Their eyes darted rage, and the keenest malice; and every violent gesture, and threatening motion, which passion could invent, or of which the body is capable, were convulsively given, and retorted, to inflame the minds of the antagonists: every thing was confused—all conspired to murder——. The vesper bell was rung: the animosity in a moment ceased: the cards, that had not been lost in the confusion, were quietly, and serenely laid upon the tables: and those, who in another corner of the room were drinking, suddenly took the glass from their mouths. An awful calm succeeded this tremendous tempest. The men looked serious; and as if by a sudden impulse, arose from their seats, and taking off their hats, muttered, with many holy signs of the cross, a soothing Ave Maria. The pious ejaculations
were

were speedily finished; and, in a moment, the company resumed their seats, glasses, cards, and altercations. In half an hour, these good religious men peaceably walked out to chapel. The two Englishmen, however, less *virtuously* inclined, remained in the osteria, and with silent, but fervent devotion, worshipped the generous divinity of Bacchus.

But at the Grande Chartreuse, which the intelligent reader knows, is situated on the confines of Dauphinè, in a secluded part of the mountains, I have seen a more violent contrast. Having, with awful silence, entered the confines of this sacred retirement, I proceeded, with cautious steps, along the narrow meadow to the gate of the monastery. I was loudly hailed by the national soldiers on guard, and though an heretic, heartily welcomed by the

coadjutor ; and after a moderate repast of apples, bread, and wine, was conducted by him, through all the galleries of the building, to some of the private cells, and thence, by my most earnest solicitations, to the chapel. I was there a witness to the most absurd ceremonies, the most abject devotion and debasement, to genuflections, holy wild and mysterious signs of the cross, submissive bows of the head, ringing of a bell, and many applications of his forehead to the pavement—advancing to, and suddenly retreating from, the altar. I concluded, that nothing of this world belonged to these pious fathers ; and as a soldier, in the vale of Grenoble, had acquainted me, that meat, nor women, ever entered these sacred walls, I was convinced, that the venerable residents must live upon very airy food. But in the kitchen, I observed a very different appearance of the good things of
the

the world; and from the numerous cooks and attendants on the thirty-seven monks, who then were in the house, I presumed, that they enjoyed every delicate variety, which art could give to their numerous dishes of f^{ish}, vegetables, and luxurious deserts. Malicious wits have circulated many idle stories of the Brunonian monks; but the pious purity of the monastic life, and the credulous faith of the present age, have consigned such cruel, and groundless aspersions to a merited oblivion. Will not the testimony of the neighbouring peasants affirm, that the monks neither "eat well, or drink well?" and their own servants, who, after the vintage was finished, near Grenoble, were sent into Savoy, to purchase grapes and fruits, for the use of the poor, could attest, that "their days and nights were employed in the service of God."

The Carthusians had been alarmed with the threats of some ungodly peasants, who seditiously presumed, that men were equal ; and in order to protect themselves from fire, and rapine, they had requested and obtained, from the adjoining municipality, a guard of a serjeant, and twelve men. On one side of the holy building, the monk was offering up his fervent, and incessant prayers to heaven, with many a pious and devout ejaculation against the obstinate perverseness and irreligion of the times ; on the other side the soldiers were playing at cards, cursing and swearing, by *Sacré Dieu!* at the holy fathers, who, passing from their prayers, condescended to utter *comment vous en vat ?* upon the reprobate copartners of the sacred mansion.

Some Sundays I have spent in the protestant parts of the happy, virtuous,
and

and democratic Switzerland: but they were everywhere amusing their idle hours with cards, or were exercising themselves in arms, and ready to repel the insults of an invading enemy. The catholic cantons are, perhaps, more superstitious, than the enslaved people of the adjacent monarchies. Though they enjoy every degree of civil liberty, consistent with the safety of polished life, and are consequently half free, yet their little intercourse with the world, and the ignorance and prejudices of the lower orders of society, have combined to rivet their religious fetters. The protestant Swiss salutes the traveller with frankness and candour: but Jesus Christus is irreverently misapplied, in salutation, by the Swiss Romanists, to the mussulman, or the philosopher.

Even in the priest-ridden countries, which did bend to the iron government of Austria, but which have since formed a mighty accession to the powers, and revenues of the French republic, Sunday does not obtain half the sober respect, it does in England. The heavy Flemish boor, once a week, assumes the gayer deportment of his Gallic neighbours, and with "gallantry robust" leads his unwieldy dulcinea, from the doors of the church, to the houses of entertainment, and festive dance: and if this happy company have not imbibed any of the wicked principles of the Carmagnols, clerical rapacity will sell them a licence to dance, and a remission of their sins. But since the harvests, and population of Belgia, have increased the requisitions, and resources of the revolutionary government of France, and since the

the peasants are obliged to arm in support of their republican masters, Sunday may have assumed a more terrific form, and borrowed some of its new dress from their warlike, enthusiastic conquerors.

In France, Sunday has everywhere put off the gay, and frivolous habits of the *petit maitre*, and now echoes, from hill to hill, the clangor of arms. The heart, whose dearest ambition was to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of its *bonne amie*, has now learnt to beat for its country; and reason, if I may be allowed to imitate French ideas, has erected the edifice of liberty, upon the ruins of superstition and folly. Every face is intent upon its individual, or national concerns: and the jacobin docking of the long *queue*, among other subject of reformation, may be now lamented by the *beau monde*,

monde, in more elegant lines, than the stanza, which shudders at the fierce and barbarous Englishmen, who capriciously shortened the tails of their horses.

I know not, how far it may be consistent with religious duties, and the peaceful doctrines of the christian code, to essay the use of arms on a Sunday: the Swiss, however, are everywhere exercised; and in the smaller and larger towns of France, (but it is a crime to imitate French customs) the citizens, who had enregistered their names among the national guards of the district, were in this manner, habituated to military evolutions. As arms could not be made to serve the great numbers of men, who had so readily associated to nourish their infant liberty, they assembled in small bodies; or whilst
some

some were instructed in the knowledge of musquetry, others were learning the use of the sabre, or seated upon the neighbouring banks, or under the shade, were vaunting of the greatness of the nation, and admiring the enthusiasm of its sons. All their national and civic festivals were celebrated on Sunday, and invariably accompanied by military parade. At Nismes, and at Aix (in Provence) I saw the celebration of a festival, in honour of the king's accepting the constitution upon his return from Varennes; and a friend saw some thousands of national guards, who were hastening through Orleans, to the frontiers, with the confident hope of repelling the Duke of Brunswick, take the oath, after singing the hymn of Marseilles, and with naked and uplifted swords, upon the altar of liberty, to "maintain the republic, liberty and equality."

At

At Nîmes, three thousand national guards were drawn out in the gardens, and were all well appointed with blue uniform, and red facings, sabres, muskets, and bayonets. They were all natives of the town; and after being dismissed, united with several groups of desmoiselles, and by the sole music of the drum, gaily danced their favourite air, till the darkness of the night separated them and me. At Aix, they had erected a magnificent structure, emblematic of the return of the king, of the establishment of order, and of the utter ruin of privileges, and nobility; and these were again represented in fire works, amidst a numerous concourse of people, and with the most loud and joyful acclamations.

I have thus mentioned the appearance of Sunday in France, and Italy, as far as they remain impressed on my memory.

memory. In the former, the attention of the citizen is wholly absorbed by the importance of national affairs; in the other, the sensualist trifles away his Sunday hours with cards, or with his amiable predilection for music, in the soft and echoing retirements of the woods. Of the German Sunday, I am ignorant; but the splendid glare of the catholic religion is, everywhere, the same; and even in the austere churches of Calvin, they have neglected to banish the fascinating charms of music. Amidst the thunder, or melody of the organ, the pomp of worship, and hierarchy of priests, I rejoiced in the conviction of my *senses*: and the impression, I thought, would remain indelible. But my pious faith has been since alarmed; and I find, that the same organs can play the songs of infidelity, and rouse a volatile people, from their individual trifling gratifications,

tions, to the pursuits of national benefits, could seduce the enthusiasm, and attachment of a brave peasantry, from their allegiance to their *lawful* sovereign, and artfully transfer it to a "Convention of banditti"—from the will and despotic commands of the grand monarch, to the decrees of national deputies. I lamented, that music had ever been introduced into the churches of religion, since it had been so profanely converted, in the temples of reason, to the purpose of *rebellion*; but if it loudly called an enthusiastic nation to the bloody ranks of war, I hope, it will once again dispose their hearts to the blessings of peace, and the comforts of domestic life.

Frenchmen will cease to sing that terrible song *Aux armes citoyens*; and the *chant civique*, will soon yield to the more benignant wish of *Paix a la*

la chaumière; and since the catholic Sunday is furcharged, in its old age, with follies, and with crimes, a philosopher may devoutly hope, that the regenerated *decadi* will teem with virtue, and goodness.

CHAP. VII.

ANGLOIS.

I HAVE often enquired into the cause, but was never satisfied, why an Englishman should be considered, by the nations of the continent, so much superior to themselves. In the history of my country, I found, that the race of its monarchs have not been exempt from the common failings and defects of humanity. Whatever may have been the virtues of our kings, they have been counterbalanced by very great vices. The people were oppressed by the rapacity, and avarice of the first Tudor, by the submissive
flavery

slavery of his parliament, and by the ingenious devices of his lawyers; and their condition was little improved under the violent, cruel, profuse, and capricious reigns of his son, and grand daughter Mary. Englishmen continue to boast of "the golden days of good Queen Bess;" but upon examination, we shall discover, that the conduct of Elizabeth was too rigorous, and imperious, neither sincere nor indulgent to her people, and a cruel tyrant to her own sex. Nor had the house of Stuarts deserved the applause of posterity. The pedantry, and little pride of James—the tyranny, or the errors of Charles, had established, for awhile, an illegitimate, and fanatic republic; and as the succeeding profligacy of the second Charles, and the cruelty and bigotry of his successor, prepared the way to a temperate and limited monarchy, I could
not

not attribute the personal, and individual importance of Englishmen, to the policy and goodness of royalty.

I then supposed, that for this pre-eminence, we must be indebted to some natural and inherent qualities: but I found our constitutions, the circulation of blood, and the functions of our nature, the same as the people of the continent. Because rich? among the nations of Europe, I found nobles more rich, more powerful, whose will was their law, but who, withal, had not raised the reputation of their countrymen, nor merited the title of generous. In examining the history of the *people*, I was struck with many noble, and great actions, both individual and national, which deserve to be classed with the most worthy of Roman patriots.

I then

I then examined the history of the other European nations; but their greatness had never been permitted to expand: all was obedient to the will and caprice of a master; and I found a long, unbroken, chain of subjection, from the Prince to the meanest subaltern of the army. Europe was enslaved: I returned, with pleasure, to my country, and attributed our national greatness, our individual virtues, to the blessings and influence of *liberty*. Yet how, said I, can a nation, so famed for its generosity, for attachment to the cause of mankind, coalesce with the tyrants of Europe, and endeavour to impede the regeneration of society. "They are our natural enemies:" similar prejudices all governments encourage; but nature has made every nation friends, and brothers.

I went

I went into France, expecting to find the like prejudice: it had existed; but in the revolution of political sentiments, a change had also taken place in their affections. They no longer idolized their grand monarch: merit in rags was more prized, than ostentation, and titled ignorance: and from the promenades, and places of amusement, the men were walking, with pensive step, to the public assemblies. Every heart now beat for the country: they were free; and in every Englishman, they saw, they embraced a brother. The electric matter ran through all the nation; many, who had before known no country, but France, and Germany, now hailed *notre frère d'Angleterre*; and even the tyrants of the road exclaimed, with rapture, *Anglois! patriote!*

Few Englishmen enter, as common soldiers, into the ranks of foreign princes; and fewer ramble through the nations of the continent with articles of traffic. As this island abounds with itinerant Italians, who cannot boast much of fortune's prodigality, the uninformed English believe, that the Italians are all poor, and the language of our poets, however it may extol the vast antiquities of Rome, and the adjacent states, dwells, with a malignant pleasure, upon the depravity of morals, and the loss of wealth. The Italians, who see our countrymen travelling with servants, and gaudy equipage, are credulously induced to believe, that the "Ingleſi are all rich;" and the few of their itinerant nation, who return home, are interested to continue the delusion.

We passed the Mont Cenis ; and on the second day, descended the widening vale, as far as Rivoli. We knew not its extent ; and of a poor Italian, we met near the town, enquired, if we could sleep there. He looked amazed at the novelty, and ignorance of the question ; and, supposing we were Frenchmen, tartly retorted, " could you find lodgings at Paris ? " We thought, we could ; " and here also," said he, in a contemptuous tone of voice. We arrived at an inn ; and, after some previous questions, Signora kindly permitted the two poor *Tedeschi* to lodge under her roof. Having walked far that day, and without dinner, we very liberally bestowed our praises upon the excellence of the ragoûts, and the skill of the cook. The girl, who attended us, was very communicative ; and having learnt something of a miserable

“ferable Savoyard Patois, she obligingly answered all our enquiries. She was born at Novaleze; “but you,” she said, “are of a country very distant, from the other side of the mountains—from Switzera, perhaps?” “*Non! ma bonne! d’Angleterre.*” She looked amazed, and violently exclaimed, “*Si? Ingleſi?*”—she ran into the kitchen; and immediately the hostess, her children, and a postilion entered the room to gaze at these rich Signors. The woman now apologized for her former inattention to us: she really thought we had been Germans. “But why? *pos excellences!* why on foot?—the English, who go to Turin, travel in carriages, *diablement hautes*—and you on foot?” There could be no poverty in England: every man is free, and rich; and we were rambling by a singular caprice on foot. We could not agree to these ideas of superabun-

dant wealth: it might flatter our vanity: but the scantiness of our purses made us wish, we had been poor Savoyards, poor any thing, rather than *tre cari Inglefi*.

I was in the Tarentaise, a part of the Dutchy of Savoy, little frequented by strangers, much less by the indolent English traveller; and as on a Sunday, we could safely assume the trades of a tailor, a blacksmith, &c. we amused ourselves with the happy credulity of the mountaineers. One moment, suspected to be Imperial soldiers, we indignantly replied, *non!*—we were of a nation brave, and free:—English. *Anglois* now resounded from every mouth, with wonder and surprize:—our most private actions were scrutinized; and these poor slaves, after a long research, discovered, *qu'il mange beaucoup qu'il boit beaucoup—& dort de*

de même.—*Oui ?* said a fat merry looking lass, who had lost much of the prudery of her mountains, *mais n'aimerait-il pas une jolie fille ?* The question diverted the ideas of the company ; and the brave, the haughty, and free Englishmen were allowed to participate with the poor Savoyard in the common wants, and functions of nature.

At Paris, some few years ago, no one scarcely was a gentleman who had not a faithful Swiss for his porter ; and in England, great numbers had insinuated themselves into the houses of the nobility. They returned to their country, enriched by the liberality of their English masters ; and the fame of their wealth was, sometimes, carried by their poor countrymen, amongst the mountaineers of Savoy. Emigration commenced ; and the affinity of language

made it difficult for an English ear to detect them in falsity. “*Nous sommes Suisses, Vaudois—de Lausanne—de Luftri—ou de Vevay,*” as it suited their humour; but they were invariably honest Swiss. Returning to their country, they exaggerate the riches, and generosity of their benefactors, and encourage more of their family to try their fortune. At a small village, near Besançon, I met one of these bold speculators. He was walking gaily: and I stopt him to enquire the distance from Salins. “Three leagues;” but his ideal pursuits, his airy projects of happiness, and wealth, had made them “*pas longues.*” Encouraged by the words of a pedestrian, who had so lately left it, I was determined to go there that night. He was on a journey to a foreign country, and as my question had interrupted his dreams, he asked me, if I was “*de ce pays cy?*”—where I was going, and

and of what trade? Before I had answered him one of his questions, he told me, he was going to England: that his uncle, *un Mauriennois*, had been there, and having made a good fortune, had bought some land near Bonneval*; and that he also was going "*pour attraper des guinées Angloises.*" "*Mais de quel pays êtes vous?*" "*D'Angleterre,*" — "*de L'Angleterre même?*" "*Oui! sûrement!*" He now narrowly examined me, from head to foot: his sanguine projects seemed suddenly to vanish; and he pensively concluded, that I was "the first Englishman, dressed in that manner, tramping for work."

This last man's fondness, was the attachment of interest; but at Geneva, I met with an inhabitant of Placentia, a man of intellect, and information,

I 4

* Perhaps the most barren part of Savoy.

who professed himself forely goaded, that "the whole country of Italy should be of so little consideration, among the powers of Europe, and that it should be debased, by its sensuality and superstition, below the less civilized nations of the north. I have never been in England," continued he; "but my attachment to the English is so great, that I have learnt their language by books: and when at Genoa, I always went to the houses, they frequent. My son was christened by the curate of the Medway, and I called his name Edward, after your kings. He is dead; and of the English, my dearest recollection is the remembrance of death."

The German is attached to the English, because we are rich, because a German family is on our throne, and because many of their princes have

have felt the animating effects of English subsidies, and extravagant dou-
 ceurs*. But why the modern French-
 men should have been attached to
 our nation, after the bloody wars we
 have been engaged in, was a problem,
 I could scarcely solve: was a Gordian
 knot, which could only be untied by
 the myrtle-braided sword of liberty.
 I could enumerate many instances of
 their fond and blind attachment; but
 they must be understood to have hap-
 pened since their acquisition of liberty,
 and before the unhappy times, when
 the English government privately and
 openly

* It was reasonable enough for a British king
 to subsidize an elector of Hanover, or a prince
 of Hesse: but it is certainly derogatory to the
 majesty of Cæsar, to receive eleemosynary dona-
 tions from the *people* of England. An electoral
 and landgraviate hog-sty is supported by a *subsidy*;
 but the Imperial beggar dignifies the purchase of
 human blood by the honourable name of loan;
 and his charity box is called treasury.

openly joined, with the tyrants of Germany, to crush their infant freedom.

Having arrived early in the afternoon at Chatillon sur Seine, I went into the little square, strolling, I knew not whither; and seeing a good looking postmaster standing at his door with the air of *désœuvrement*, I accosted him with the common salutation of his country. Our conversation was soon directed to the great events, that were hourly occurring: he did mention his king; but as it was natural, that a *maître des postes* wished to see "*le roi*," preceded by avant-couriers, he invariably used the words, "*La nation, la loi, et le roi*;" and so studious was he of avoiding any imputation of royalism, that he sometimes confounded the meaning of the words. We were then joined by a foldier of the regiment
of

of *Dauphinè*; and the conversation turning upon the supposed counter-revolutionary views of the Emperor, and the claims of the German princes upon the fiefs in Alsace and Lorraine, they asked me, if I was not a German. They seemed attached to liberty; and I thought it would not disparage me, in their eyes, if I replied, *non! Anglois*. "You are then," said the postmaster, "of a nation brave and free: you are our brother." "It is true," immediately answered the whiskered serjeant; and after prefacing English valour and patriotism, with some light hopes of the increase of those virtues in France, he began to tell a story of a "*brave Anglois*," who had been a fellow soldier with him, in an Irish Brigade. "For some time," said he, "before the last war commenced, my comrade looked dull and melancholy—I told him, "*qu'il rêvoit à la Suisse*," and attempted

to laugh him into gaiety—*neantmoins le pauvre enfant étoit perdu*: nothing could restore him. The war began; and upon the first news of an engagement, he went up to our colonel, and boldly demanded, *son congé*. The colonel attempted to dissuade him from his resolution; but it was immoveable, and he replied, *Je suis Anglois—je ne dois pas combattre contre la patrie.*” This singular patriotism of a common foldier surprised me; “but he was,” said the serjeant, “*comme nous autres*, a man of sentiment.”

We continued our journey to Dijon; and arriving at a new portal, a species of triumphal arch, dedicated *à la liberté*, we were stopped by a Bourgeois on guard, and politely shewn to the guard house. Two men, entering in the garb of sailors, dirty, and way-worn, did not occasion the least movement

ment among the ten national guards, reposing upon the benches; one single head turned about, and immediately laid down again, murmuring *allemands*. The national officer on guard laid down Mirebeau's Letters on Slavery; and carefully examined our passeport, with his spectacles on the tip of his nose. At last he arrived at the mighty words of designation, *tous deux natifs de Londres*. *Londres*, he repeated with strong marks of interrogation; and we replied, "*Oüi! de Londres même!*" *Londres* was the cry of alarm; and all the guards were now standing upon the floor, or seated upon their breech, gazing at *ces deux garçons—Anglois et assurement patriotes!*

In the autumn of 1793, among the prisoners of war in Belgia, and Germany, I saw great numbers of these same enthusiasts; but whose sanguine predilection

predilection for the English nation had been corrupted, by the duplicity and art of our government, or by the frantic speeches of their national deputies, into a hatred, whose malignity exceeds belief. In the common affairs of life, the most ardent attachments of friendship, or of love, are frequently succeeded by the bitterest hatred, and contempt; and each *individual* of France, who joined the republican cause, now considers, that the aggression, which they were pleased to call it, of England, should not only draw upon us their collective but individual vengeance. They are conscious of, and acknowledge our strength by sea; and our wealth and subsidies range the mercenary soldiers of Germany, against them. In Englishmen, they had been accustomed to respect the courage of liberty: and till the affair of Dunkirk, trembled to meet the bayonets of the
soldiers

soldiers *en rouge*. They were there victorious over the subsidiary soldiers of the elector of Hanover; and the blue national coat is no longer crimsoned by the red of their opponents; or their carmagnolle fury, deadened by the march of the Coldstream. A series of victories has raised their soldiers to an enthusiasm, hitherto unknown; and that convention, who have violated laws, human and divine, dare to declare, that "the eternal power, who sits in the highest heaven, watches over the genius of the sovereign people." The haughty Islanders are "conquerors by gold, triumphing by a Punic faith; and these new Romans," threaten "to overturn the other Carthage." We may lament the causes of the great change in sentiment amongst a people brave, generous, and powerful; but we are all bound to resist,

resist, with hand and heart, the completion of their threats*.

* The last two pages were written, previous to the opening of the campaign, in 1794, during which the Carmagnols have repelled the Austrian, English, Hessian, and Hanoverian troops, from the neighbourhood of Cambray, across the Rhine, into Germany, retaken all their own frontier towns, and planted the tree of liberty, before the Stadthouse of Amsterdam. Success, equally unparalleled, has attended their arms, from Charlemont to Landau: the passes of the Alps were also forced, and are now occupied by the French troops; and from the eastern and western Pyrenees, their hovering armies threaten the subversion of royal and ecclesiastical tyranny in Spain. Fortunately, however, England is, or may be masters of the seas; and should the French refuse to listen to terms of peace, we may yet vanquish the united navies of the two fraternized republics.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

COMRADES.

A FEW days prior to forming the intention of leaving England, I made a small pedestrian excursion along the banks of the Thames, and Isis, to Oxford; and thence, accompanied by a friend, pursued the journey to the Isle of Wight. The pleasures of the road, the singular incidents of our mode of travel, the appearance of Spring, or some other cause, made us form the project of a tour upon the continent. No sooner proposed by one, than immediately, and most unqualifiedly embraced by the other; and as
it

it required little preparation for a month's excursion, which was our original intention, we were soon landed upon the shores of France.

The pleasures of a companion and society, are so great, that I determined to devote an entire chapter to them; but as delicacy demands, that I should say nothing of my two English companions, I must reluctantly obey.

My first companion and I, though we agreed to separate, and actually divided our money, at Ander, in the Grisons, did not part finally till Zurich; and as I was in the German part of Switzerland, knew little French, and no German, and yet intended to return into the mountains, I found myself in a very embarrassing situation. The officer on guard would not permit us, even to breakfast in the town; and
strong

strong as were our desires, we were debarred the pleasure of seeing the father of physiognomy. The morning was very wet; and having taken shelter in a small cabaret, about two miles from the gates, I was there detained, till bad weather, or good fortune drove in two Valaisans. Travellers are inquisitive, and very communicative; and as the roads, we had separately determined upon, varied very little, we agreed to go together; and after drinking each a draught to a *bon voyage*, we buckled on our knapsacks, and proceeded.

The motives of our journey were alike; and as our curiosity and tastes were very little dissimilar, we journeyed together very happily, and contentedly for many days.

The

The one was a negociant; but in the confined republic of the Valais, and at the small town of Sierre, an Englishman may justly suspect his traffic was very limited. I dared to enquire the truth of the supposition, which he immediately allowed; but he was also heir to the fee simple of a large mountain, three-fourths of which, he also confessed, produced only grassless rocks, and eternal snows. From the diminutive concerns, and politics of the Swiss mountaineers, the more enlarged mind of the officer soon directed our conversation to the manners, and customs of the different nations of Europe, which he had seen; and he ably discussed, with a retentive memory, the rise and progress of states, and the ruins or revolutions of empires. Though he had served seven years in the ranks of a Spanish regiment,

ment, and had in that time been too much inclined to the vices, common among his fellow soldiers, he had employed much of his time in the culture of his understanding; and whilst the regiment had done garrison duty at Barcelona, and at Cadiz, he had taken every advantage of the opportunities, then offered him. An act of valour, but of which I could never prompt him to speak, during the siege of Port Mahon, had recommended him to the General; and through his pressing solicitations, his Catholic Majesty (*el rey*) had confirmed the provisional gift of a lieutenancy to Pierre Rey. He could not speak of the capture of Port Mahon, or of the general attack upon Gibraltar, at both of which he was present, without extolling the bravery, and fortitude of the British troops. At one moment their unparalleled

ralleled firmness made him doubt, if the English had so much feeling and sensibility, as the men of other nations; but their treatment of the prisoners convinced him again of the contrary. His knowledge of English history was very great, but particularly of those times, when we have had any connection with the Spanish monarchy. Many of our classical books, which have been translated either into French or Spanish, he had read with the most minute and discerning attention; and when I expressed my surprise at his knowledge of our laws, customs, and history, he politely answered, that "the bravest nation of Europe demanded every one's attention—I witnessed their valour at Minorca and Gibraltar, and my dearest friend, a brother officer, has known their generosity to a fallen enemy."

He

He admired the English, because they were brave and free; and on account of the late revolution in France, and the acquisition of liberty, he had become more attached to the French people. Strange, and unaccountable are the contradictions of the human mind; and he was not exempt from the errors of intellect, or prejudices of opinion. He had been, and his regiment then was in garrison, at Barcelona; but, on account of the orders, and general jealousy, of the Spanish court, had been much separated from the people of the town. They had contracted, as well as he, a strong attachment to the English, their customs, frankness, and manners, which are confessedly the offspring of liberty; but he could not allow the oppressed Catalonian the privilege of imitating the happy Islanders, the rights of freedom.

At

At Sierre, I separated from my well informed companion of the Valais, and had not reached Sion, before I overtook two honest plodding men of the country, hastening to the capital, to join in the public service of religion, and adore the tutelary saint of the republic, to whose honour a festival was that day celebrated. Their senses were, I suppose, wholly occupied with their devotional duties—with the greatness and sanctity of the occasion; and after an hundred times repeating their Ave Marias, and Pater Nosters, mysteriously crossing their foreheads, and breasts, and with some genuflexions, they relaxed a moment from their laborious employment, to accost a brother traveller. “Of what country?” I answered, *d’Angleterre*: they knew not, I was an heretic, but both concluded, it was across the mountains—in Italy: and they recommenced their devotions.

Near

○ Near Morat, I travelled a few hours with a serjeant of a Sardinian regiment, who was going into Alsace, to exercise the double honourable office of a spy and recruiter : he talked much of military affairs, of battles, evolutions, and camps : I told him, that the day before only, I had been at Avenche, and that I had there seen several hundred new raised soldiers, and had also examined *le camp de Cæsar*. He knew nothing of Cæsar ; nor indeed did I expect it ; or had he ever heard *pas un seul mot* of the camp, but “ were they French ? ”

He was a cannoneer ; and consequently was anxious to learn the strength of the park of artillery. The number and calibres of the cannon, mortars, and howitzers, I told him, I had noted with scrupulous exactness : and taking out my journal, I copied the particulars into his minute book. “ I will

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write,”

the camp of Cæsar

write," said he, " this very night to our comandant, at Chamberry ;" and with a wise wink, significant shrug, and whispering tone of voice, " I shall make my fortune : *mais comment l'appelle-t-on ?* " I wrote it down for him, " *Camp de Cæsar, tout près d'Avanche.* " On our first meeting, he had solicited me to enlist, and to shew me to what high honours he invited me, frequently repeated the important titles of his king *; but after I had given him the great intelligence, relative to the camp, he confidentially assured me, that the service was not "*trop bon.*"

I passed

* King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy, Prince of Piemont, &c. &c.— Does not the great northern power, who assumes the title of King of France, and Arch Treasurer of the Holy-Roman Empire, appear equally ridiculous in the eyes of the philosopher? And since France is confessed to be a *carte blanche* in the map of Europe, would it not be better to discontinue that title?

I passed down the Rhone, from Lyons, to Avignon, with two very engaging companions: one had studied physic in London, and surgery at Paris, and was then returning to his native isle of Corfu; and the other, a common soldier in the regiment of Penthievre, may, in the convulsions of the times, have now arrived at a colonelcy, or the guillotine. "I was struck," if I may be allowed to translate from my journal, "with the physiognomy of this *simple dragon*: it had no traits, which mark the great man, but it was in every expression pleasant, and intelligent; and his deportment interested me much." He told me that his father was an avocat in the *ci devant* province of Auvergne, and that being intended for the same profession, he had made *un cours de droit* at ———: that he had there been guilty of many follies, had displeased his father, and

as he had once entered into this regiment, his father insisted he should continue in it, till the ordinary expiration of the service. The dragoon confessed, that his father generously allowed him money; and part of the way, from Avignon to Toulon, where the regiment was in garrison, he went in a voiture. But when he arrived at the gates, "I am this moment a common foldier," said he, and the next day I met him in his dirty *bonnet de police*, carrying forage for his horse. During our journey, we conversed much upon the situation of affairs; but to my objections, he boldly answered in justification of the nation: and as parties have succeeded, he has chosen right: but then he dared only breathe a wish for a republic.

Long after the pleasure of his agreeable society, I met a French emigrant officer,

officer, near Furnes, much like my *Auvergnac* friend in face, in manners, and in humour, and who, like him, also attempted to correct the northern tones of my voice, and assist me in the more proper pronounciation of their language. He had belonged to the thirty-seventh regiment, but had unfortunately, to use his own expression, made a *demi tour a gauche*. He treated the alterations, made by the republicans, with the indifference many of them deserve; and what some long-faced priests, then in the barge, apprehended would cause *le bouleversement du monde*, he called only *de petites plaisanteries*. As our only religion was ruined, it was necessary to found other sects, or frame other moral laws, more pure, or more fascinating. "I will establish," said he, "a new religion, similar to the enjoyments and promises of Mahomet; and you, Mademoiselle,"

turning to a beautiful Flemish girl, who sat next to him, "shall be the fairest of the black-eyed houris of my paradise."

The girl, to whom he spoke, blushed, and confessed she was still ignorant of the nature of his compliments; but the dark frowns of some fathers admonished her of the danger of continuing a conversation with this unchristian character. "Don't frown," said he, "my good fathers; to-day let me be gay: to-morrow, I am going to fight for the church." As he was a champion of the faith, he was permitted to continue his merriment; and even the severe countenance of a capuchin once relaxed into a smile, by the force of his wit.

The royal and national Frenchmen were both gay and happy; but an Englishman,

glishman, I met near Lauffen, and whom I accompanied to Basle, was moulded, as I first thought, in a very different clay. He was a pedestrian too, and was sitting pensive, and melancholy upon the side of the river, when I first accosted him. He returned my salutation in French; as we were going the same way, he rose, and we walked slowly on together. I presumed he was a German: but he made me no answer to it. We had both seen the most interesting parts of Switzerland; but he seemed to avoid conversing on those parts, which had struck me, either as most sublime or most beautiful. I mentioned the romantic and savage rocks of the Grisons; and at the hearing of the *Via mala*, I observed, he turned his head aside. I did not know the meaning; nor did he then say the subject was disagreeable. I expatiated upon the beauties of the

lakes of Zurich and Geneva, and the wild scenery of Lucerne; he now took a pleasure in the conversation: but upon my asking him, if he had been at the Isle of St. Pierre, upon the lake of Bienne, he with difficulty uttered, "yes!" and seemed disturbed. The tears flowed from his eyes, and he hoped, that I would not mention any thing more of Switzerland, till we reached the inn.

I had been at Basle before, and wished to go to my former house, but in compliance with his wishes, and hoping to hear something interesting from him, I consented to accompany him *aux trois rois*. We stayed there two days; and having formed a short intimacy, he related to me, on the evening of the latter, a story, something similar to the following:

"That

“ That at the town of Como*, or Logarno, but which of them, I must confess, I cannot aver, he had lived for many days or weeks; and during that time had, innocently, and indeed unknown to himself, made a deep impression upon the mind of a fair Italiana; and that, when he was satiated with the rustic luxuries of the place, and

* The reader should be apprised, that on the Italian side of the Alps, and in the dutchy of Milan, are two large lakes, both environed with mountains, called by the natives, Lago di Como, and Lago Maggiore.—Their romantic scenery, or the coolness of their shades, have attracted the curious and sentimental traveller, or the voluptuous sensualists, of all ages. Upon the latter of these lakes, a noble family have fixed their mansion, and given their name to the Barromean Islands; and upon the banks of the former, the younger Pliny sought the pleasures of retirement, and of lettered ease. Logarno is upon the latter; and Como, from which the lake takes its name, is situated at the extremity of the other.

and of the environing country, he had prepared to depart. After discharging the debts he had contracted, and taking leave of the family, at a very early hour, he went up stairs to bed, telling them that he should begin his journey at day-break in the morning. He had forgot something of his small viaticum; and going down stairs at, perhaps, the expiration of half an hour, he found Luccesini, (I think he called her) sitting by herself, and in tears. She was too much affected long to conceal her tale of wretchedness; and he was too sensible of her worth, her virtue, and goodness, not to pity her. He then explained to her his situation in life, and advised her to calm her spirits; and that if any change took place in his fortune, or his family, he would return to her. Every thing appeared settled; "and she received,"

received," said he, " my last adieu, without emotion*."

" He arose, he said, betimes in the morning; and after walking three hours, at a quick pace, he laid down to refresh himself, under the luxuriant shade of a beech. The unexpected incident of the preceding evening now caused a thousand doleful reflections; and to the wanton gambols of the Alpine shepherdesses, the gay brunettas, and their coy invitations, he returned nothing more than the usual compliments of salutation. " One," said he, " sat down beside me; and had I been

* When my companion told me this story, I confess my sensibility was so alive, that I could not refrain from sympathizing with him; and the recollection of the whole story, and particularly of his condition, soon after the finale of the tragedy, still affects, and will, I believe, affect me to the end of memory.

I been a Sterne, or my mind had not been so occupied with its reflections, I should have created another Maria; she had all the melancholy, and listless languishing, belonging to the character, with the penetrating eye of a Milanese.

“After some hours of repose, he put up his books, and although he had begun his journey so early in the morning, he did not go more than twenty Italian miles. His mind was pensive and uneasy; and he cared not to exert himself. He arose again early the next morning; and had not walked above five hundred yards from the end of the village, till he espied the enamoured maid, sitting pensive, and dejected. She had selected a part of the road, where the surrounding rocks overhang it on all sides, and where the hand of man was, with difficulty,

culty, quarried out a passage for the mules. "Immediately after that," said he, "the path separates; by the left hand you will reach the Val Leventina, and the Mont St. Gothard; by the right, you will pass the town of Chiavenna, and the pass of Spluger. She told me, that she had left her father's house, with the determination of living with me. I intreated her to return; and offered to go back myself, to make her peace with her father: but my endeavours were all ineffectual.

"After some hours of irresolution and doubt, I agreed that she should accompany me: I threw her little bundle over my shoulder, and that night, at a late hour, we arrived at Chiavenna. As she had not been accustomed to the rough roads of the Alps, he took the first opportunity to
omit buy

buy a mule; and having mounted her on this sure footed animal, he peaceably, and gaily walked by her side, or before her, where the path did not admit two abreast. In this manner they passed by the Mont Luckmainer, to the glaciers of the Hinder Rhine; and thence descending to Retzuns, they had turned up the valley of the Norder Rhine, and by the Mont St. Gothard, entered the valley of Urseren. He then gave me a very circumstantial account of the mountains, woods, rivers, and lakes of Switzerland, which they had seen, or visited together—of the confined vale of Trient, and of the elevated regions of the Col de Balme—and of the blue-coloured glaciers of Savoy. From Chamouny, they had passed by the narrow valley of the Arve, to the town of Geneva. He had here sold his mule; and as they intended to spend some
time

time along the coasts of the lake, he bought a small boat, which he afterwards sold at Morges, as they were then directing their course to the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienné. "But of this," said he, "I will give you a copy of what I wrote to a friend in England."

"Pays de Vaud! the name of this country sounds, with soothing pleasure, to the man who has had the happiness to visit it; and the last word will ever dwell upon his ear, unwilling to leave him—a fond delusion, which every thing contributes to increase, and which the remembrance of pleasures past, serves only to endear—to realize the delusion. Every mind cannot be blinded: but here the volatile and the phlegmatic are, in their degrees, equally moved.

"I wandered

“ I wandered in these happy regions with all my natural phlegm, my native insensibility; yet I found my soul wound up to contemplation by nature’s grandest objects—I was, if I may say so, above the condition of man.—My heart was, however, of the earth, and had not the smiles of my *cara* ——— quickened my pace, I should have remained rivetted to these scenes. But she knew how to speed my progress; and when I was leaning against a tree, with my book, half glancing upon her, or the surrounding beauties of the country; or if I was playing upon my flute a vesper, or some much admired tune of the country, she would steal our knapsack, our collection of misery, and upbraiding me with delay, with inattention to her health, would make me haste to find some happy resting-place.

“ I wandered

“ ’Twas

“ 'Twas the Pays de Vaud, upon which I began my letter, and to it I can return with pleasure, because it recalls me to those precious moments, when we travelled contented, happy, and free, to those delightful scenes, which we surveyed together, when the morning dew was welcome to our parched feet, and when the cool freshness of the evening was softened by the melodious notes of the nightingale. Every thing around us was happy: it was vintage:—and to the little labourers of the villages, laden with their baskets of grapes, she would lend her assisting hand; and if her courtesy was barely returned by a familiar nod, and “*bien obligè Madame,*” esteeming herself amply recompenced—she taught me how to feel the happiness of others.

“ From Geneva to Morges, (twenty-four miles) we travelled in three days, enjoying

enjoying every luxury the climate afforded; one moment admiring the splendid coasts of Vaud, or the contrasted poverty of Savoy; or stopping the village children—"were they happy?"—"Oui-heureux et libres!"—"Free?"—"Yes—ça-ira—ça-ira—ça-ira*—and I must play this favourite tune, that the little villagers might shew their skill. 'Twas done—we proceeded—chance threw new companions into our notice—*c'est égal*. Was it the seigneur, the baron, or the peasant, we were his companions—we were happy ourselves. "What could bring you here?" from the magistrate—or "give me something for charity—for the grace of God—for the virgin,"—were as readily answered. The imperiousness of authority, and the humble prayers of the abject, in general, ended.

* This happened on that small tract of land adjoining to the lake, which belongs to France.

ended with the same good wishes,—*bon voyage ! bonne santé !*

“ We mounted the hills of the Jura, and from their summits felicitated ourselves with the smiling country. The shouts and loud feasts of the vintagers reached us in our elevation, with many an echo.—*Mais adieu, paniers, vendanges sont faites.*—We were transported to another age; and in the happiness of these rustics, we thought we saw the innocence of the pastoral life. At the small town of Rolle we met our boat, and thence, to Morges, we went by water; we might have reached our destination in two hours, but we tacked upon the lake, when there was any wind: when it had declined, the boatman rowed, or rested upon his oars; and from the mid-day to four, we reclined, and refreshed ourselves,

felves, under the broad fhade of a venerable oak.

“ The evening was welcomed by the delicate notes of my Italiana, to which the mafculine throat of our boatman answered, in bafier response, to the time and meafure of his oars. We were, in language, transported acrofs the mountains.

“ Whilft we refted at Morges, we refitted our little fack of cloaths; I made fmall excurfions into the country, and returned at evening; and having procured at Laufanne more current money, we were again ready to depart. We croffed the great body of water, to Evian; and proceeded, *en bons fantafins*, to the village of Meilleirie.

“ You

“ You will recollect, my dear friend, in Rousseau’s *Eloisa*, his classic description of this rock: the letters St. Preux wrote from it; the reason of his banishment, and the little town of Vevay, in which his Julia lived; and you will also recollect, in the third volume, how he conducted her afterwards across the lake, to shew her the former monuments of his passion; where he had endured the cold, and rigor of the climate, amidst the ices and snows of the Alps, where the funereal raven, and the cries of the Alpine eagle, alone pierced his ears.

“ Thence we crossed to Vevay—’twas the residence of Julia—’tis the seat of ease and luxury, the resort of travellers. We next day rested at the small village of Clarens, no less famous for the retreat of Madame Wolmar. We then made a small excursion to Pisse Vache;

Vache; and after viewing the curiosities of St. Maurice, and the salt works of Bex, we returned to the edges of the lake. We ascended the Dent de Jaman; and thence had a most extensive prospect of the lake of Geneva, and of the vast amphitheatre, which the mountains of Savoy and the Jura form; of the whole intermediate country, from Fort la Cluse, interspersed with woods, corn, and vines, savage rocks, and magnificent mansions.

“ We intended to have returned to Vevay, and thence to have passed, by Chastel St. Denis, to Fribourg; but as she had little desire to see the superstitious pomp of a catholic canton, we passed in our boat, from Villeneuve to Culli, Lustri, Lausanne, and Morges; and, in two days more, we crossed the country to Yverdun. We continued
several

several days upon this rich and manufacturing lake; and of all the beauties of this principality, nothing delighted this benevolent soul so much, as the clean and hospitable appearance of the alms-house at Neuchatel. Oh! "civis pauperibus!!" and when I explained to her the motto, she asked me, if they did not deserve to be rich, happy, and free. We passed thence, to Anet and Erlach: but here commences the dismal tragedy; and because I was in some measure the cause"——he stopt—wept—and was easy—"it grieves my afflicted heart. I proposed, that we should go upon the water, and pointing to the island of St. Pierre, behold," said I, "the house rendered famous by the banishment of ——" "The tender Rousseau," exclaimed she:—her heart leapt to see his residence, and her compassionate sighs had taught even me to admire him.

him. After having fatiated our desires with the pleasures of this island, we must depart—she proposed to return to Erlach. I wished to proceed to Nidau (at the farthest extremity of the lake)—she opposed to me her then weak habit; the evening freshness, the distance (nine miles); but I unfeelingly insisted—Unhappy wretch! I must here draw a curtain over the conclusion of the consequences of this hapless day. My hand closed her eyes; and here I am left to pursue my solitary journey to England. No hope animates my soul: and the lengthening road is not even cheered by remembrance. I received her last sigh: it still trembles upon my ear: she acquitted me of her death, and with the firm convulsion of a departing soul, and a cold hand, wished me happiness.” I finished his letter, and desired a copy of it: he permitted me to take one.

one. He looked at me: "she is gone," said he, "to breathe the purity of angels."

As I had wandered, during my whole tour, in a singular manner, at Basle I bought a boat; and leaving this unhappy Englishman, I intended to paddle it down to Cologne. On the second day, I was overtaken by some soldiers of Artois, who were going down towards Coblenz, in order to be embodied. They were gay and sprightly; and expected soon to overrun the whole kingdom of France. The fortifications of Strasburgh, Fort Louis, and Landau, which we passed, were easily demolished by the formidable breath of these emigrant Gasccons. Of courage, they would not allow the smallest portion to be inherited by the people; and because the disciplined regiments of the emperor

had overpowered the impotent efforts of the Belgian patriots, they expected to chase the national regiments of France before them, as flocks of sheep. They represented to me, that being far from my own country, *et peut-être l'argent commence à manquer*, I had better make my fortune under the princes. The national soldiers were villains; and when I mentioned the circumstance of travelling with these emigrants to the guards of the *Pont du Rhine*, at Strasburgh, and that the emigrants were gone to sleep at Fort Kehl, they retorted upon them their own epithet, with the addition of *foutu Bougres*, and hastily demanding, what colour and uniform they wore, they wished them to come: "We will try the temper of the patriots' sword: we will live free or die," said one with a smile, and the national gaiety: but being rebuked for his levity, by another,

ther, because they had taken an oath to protect their liberty, he put his hand upon his heart, and with his eyes directed to heaven, solemnly repeated, "we will live free or die, *comme nous l'avons jurés.*"

At the city of Spires, I met with a gentleman, who, as he wore the white cockade, I presumed, was an emigrant; and accordingly modelled my conversation. We spoke something on the destruction of aristocracy, the plundered revenues of the church, and the degraded condition of the "*pauvre roi.*" He did not seem violently enraged against the *villainous* proceedings of the national assembly; and after a few questions, intended to discover the inclinations of my mind, he exclaimed, "If you are an Englishman, how can you refuse us the blessings of liberty? Do you wish that the unnatu-

ral exemptions of aristocracy shall again repress the emulous spirit of the people?" Our minds soon harmonized: and before we separated, he confessed to me, that he had the honour of a company in a regiment, then in garrison at Landau, and had been lately appointed aide de camp to General Custine: that some little affairs had called him to Frankfort, where he was enabled to obtain a very effectual passeport, which stiled him a negociant of Strasburgh; and that thence, by the desire of his general, he had taken the opportunity of going down to Coblentz, and examining the strength and disposition of the country.

I afterwards mentioned this circumstance to an officer, near Valenciennes, who was acting the honourable part of chief conductor of the spies in that neighbourhood.

neighbourhood. He told me of the numerous difficulties, from which he had extricated himself; and confided in my secrecy, without even requiring my honour. "Frenchmen," said he, "are too vain of their commission to keep a secret:" and although he had most narrowly escaped being hung for a spy, in the camp of Cæsar, and was then hugging himself with his good fortune, he swore, he "would have hung the *rascal*."

During this present disastrous war, curiosity induced me to pass along the northern frontier of France: and being shocked with the horrid cruelties and carnage, daily retorted upon the hostile troops, I hastened to repose upon the peaceful bosom of Holland. From Cologne to Nimeguen, we travelled by the post waggon, accompanied, as usual in the catholic countries,

by some mendicant friars, but whose white hands and sleek skin did not indicate, that the mortifications of the flesh were severe and frequent, or that they actually suffered under the fell gripe of poverty. As I was not an admirer of the indolent sons of the church, I should have found my free sentiments continually opposed, and my hopes of conversation disappointed, if fortune had not thrown into the coach an amiable Swiss, whose evil destiny had joined to the ravage and bloodshed of a military life, the irreconcilable spirit of philosophy. He possessed, and he did not hesitate to declare, an utter aversion to war; and though a soldier, he deemed his profession would soon be disused by the enlightened nations of Europe. He could not force his mind to believe, that the benevolent Deity had made war necessary to reduce the numbers of

of society ; or that there ever could arrive a period, when amputation, or phlebotomy, should be as essential to the sanity of the political, as it sometimes is to the natural, body of man. He had served ten years in a regiment of Berne, which had been all that time in the pay of the king of Sardinia ; and though the regiment had been in garrison, at Turin, and in several towns, both of Piemont, and Savoy, and being frequently removed, had never been permitted to form connections with the people, he always considered the interest of the king and the subject as the same. His life had not, he confessed, been chequered with misfortunes ; and, till the commencement of this war, the most heavy duties of his profession were the study of music, the art of dancing, dressing for the parade, or anticipating the pleasures of *tête à tête* with the ladies.

“ The Sardinian officers, though not so delicate as the Papal soldiers, and though generally poor, were not,” he said, “ so rough as the barbarians of Russia. But now we are ordered to fight against a people determined to be free, and all the steadiness of discipline, and the cause of my late master, will, I am afraid, be insufficient to oppose the progress of their arms, and their principles ; and even your country, *Mons. L’Anglois*, though it may be now secure in its constitution, and is well protected from the ravages of war, may be seduced by the plausible doctrines of liberty and equal rights.”

Not long before we enjoyed the society of this philosophic soldier, when the chance of war, and the favourable reports, then circulated of the valour and victories of the Prussians,

fians, near Landau, and in the dutchy of Deux Ponts, drew the unfortunate French emigrants from their retirement, to join in the conquest of their country, we travelled from Malmedy to near Trêves, in the company of three Chevaliers. They were hastening to share the glories of the Prince of Condè, to whose progress neither the valour of the national troops, the strong positions of the country, nor the numerous fortifications, could oppose any considerable resistance. I endeavoured to convince these deluded men of some woeful truths, and particularly of the impossibility of continuing an army in Alsace, if the patriots had possession of the fastnesses, and commanded the defiles of the mountains of the Vosges, whence, after they had raised the mafs in the neighbouring departments, they could issue with facility, and directing their irre-

flimsy columns against the weakest part of the royal army; vary their points of attack at pleasure. Imagination flattered them with the unrealized hope of repelling the national troops from the passes of Saverne, and Phaltzburg; but, after a little discussion, they soon yielded to reason. The possession of Alsace, or the mountains, did not assure their victorious march to the capital; and they apprehended, that the minds of the country would be directed by the inclinations of Paris. I lamented the horrors of war; but this, they said, was necessary;—"had it not been from the beginning of the world?" And because the holy writ unfortunately relates, that "Saul slew his thousands, and David his ten thousands," their jaundiced minds gloried in the murder of the patriots, and believed it a sacrifice acceptable to God. The privileged orders of
France,

France, were also an essential benefit to the community; and to preserve peace among men, it was an expedient creation of society, that the executive power, which they called king, should be surrounded by dukes, marquis, and counts, who should be allowed emoluments, privileges, and pensions, to support their dignity, and fill up, with honour, that mighty chasm between the monarch and the people. I was disgusted with their politics and pride; and my more humble claims of being only equal to my fellow countrymen, made them load me with the bitter epithets of Jacobin, and Septembri-zeur.

During my first excursion, on the road between Annecy and Geneva, I travelled a few miles with a shop-keeper of the former town; and having accidentally met the titular bishop

of Geneva, returning from his country seat to his actual residence at Annecy, we soon directed the conversation to the merits and purity of the catholic faith, and the simple manners and demeanour of its dignified clergy. He, however, spoke of the failings of the children of the church, with the most tender respect; strenuously endeavoured to exculpate them from the too general imputation of scandalous manners, and boldly denied their prudential attachment to the wives of their neighbours. Auricular confession, which these pious men convert, too frequently, to their amorous inclinations, he considered, and with reason, as the grand support of the faith; and without which, poor sinful mortals could never find the narrow way to the happy mansions of peace. In his way of reasoning, the sins of the catholic people were all imposed upon the
backs

backs of the clergy ; and they, by divine and special grace, and in consideration of their holy functions, should, in a moment, be purified from their base intercourse with the world, and with all their material imperfections, be exclusively elevated to a distinguished, honourable seat among the cherubims, seraphims, and thrones. This pious Savoyard was convinced, as much, he said, as I see you, of the miraculous incarnation ; and that although nine months had naturally elapsed, till his birth, the boy had passed, as rays of light through a pane of glass, leaving no traces of perforation. As he had attained the powers and capabilities of manhood, of body and intellect, in the usual progress of humanity, and had finally suffered death, attended with common agonies, he was more fully convinced of the divinity of the murdered Lord, and
blessed

blest the holy, and sympathising
condescension of the successor of the
typical scape-goat.

The dragoon, whom I journeyed
with in the south of France, and the
chain of incidents which his story
connected, have diverted my attention
from the manners and philosophy of
a Greek, whom the suppliant idiom of
the French language, and the fami-
liarity of travellers soon named, from
his native island, *M. de Corfu*.* His
country could not now boast any pre-
eminence in sentiment, in religious, or
civil liberty; the whole of the Morea,
and the adjoining parts of Greece,
were under the dominion, and iron
hand of the Turk: but he valued him-
self upon what they had been; and he
still hoped, that the modern Greeks,
released

* His real name was Marchi.

released from their present degraded condition, would shew themselves worthy of their brave and free ancestors. His heart dilated, when he recited the monuments of former glory: and he assumed a noble fame to his rocky, and barren island, from its "Acroce-raunia, infames scopulos." Every part of his country abounded with ancient reliques: a blind man could not walk there, without stumbling, at every step, over the most precious morceaus. "We were the first asserters of human liberty: we associated in republics, rude, and warlike indeed, but generous and free. Succeeding ages, with happier intellect, will improve the condition of mankind, and create a new æra of perfect government from the rough model of Grecian democracies, and upon the broad basis of national and individual good. He talked much of the nature of good
and

and evil, the vicious principles of the ancient governments, the tyranny of the absolute powers of Europe, and the capabilities of the people, under a well-informed, and legitimately constituted republic, where the mass of the community should elect, from their own body, their temporary legislators, who, having the same interests with their constituents, and at stated periods, returning to the simple condition of citizens, should be rewarded or punished by the applause or contempt of their countrymen."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

WOMEN.

WHEN I determined to give a chapter on women, it was my intention to have spoken every thing for them, and to have insinuated nothing against them; but as their present power and pre-eminence in the world is much contrasted with the general malicious opinions, once entertained of them, and as the most orthodox fathers of the *church* have inveighed against their sex, I thought it would be unchristian to adore them. My nature is, however, strongly disposed to pity their weakness, and extenuate their foibles; but

but in attempting the Herculean labour of an apologist, I am startled at the difficulties; and at the sight of such an host of adversaries, an undisciplined soldier may be allowed to retreat.

To discover the creation of man, and the subsequent formation of woman, a believing christian must not pass the sacred mounds of the Mosaic system; or should he admit the interpretation of the Jewish rabbi, he must be cautious in declaring it: he may either offend the divine word, or excite the indignant pride of an injured sex. Man was made after the image of the Omnipotent: but let no snarling cynic insinuate to the fair, that the Rabbins believed, nay, held it as an incontrovertible fact, that women were not the image of God; or that some more courteous Jew, in politeness, perhaps,
to

to his wife, his daughter, or a mistress, and not wishing wholly to satanize himself, had accommodated the difference of the sex, and published, that God was both male and female, at the same instant. This contradiction did not obtain much amongst a sceptical people; and perhaps the world was not then sufficiently debilitated and impotent to have half, or doubly produced the neuter sex. Some bolder theorist discovered, that man was created neither male nor female: he wished both to be esteemed equally good, pure, and virtuous; but because, in his degenerate days, the distinction had taken place, he imputed this fatal gift to Satan, and thereby involved innocent man in an equal share of original sin. The proverbs of Judea were no more favourable to the females, than the authors of systems; and since in modern days, mankind pretend so submissive

missive an attachment for the civil regulations, and wisdom of their ancestors, the female alarmists will not disdain, if the uncourteous Hebraic advice is listened to by their fathers, or if their lovers believe, that "the skill of women should be confined to their spinning wheels."

The discerning fair will never associate with the scholar, who too frequently thinks, that all virtue and excellence disappeared from the earth, with the Greeks and the Romans; and in contemplating their romantic greatness, he neglects the amiable duties of modern life. With his admiration of the language, he may have imbibed the abominable prejudices of the poets and philosophers; and if he sometimes, reluctantly, praises the benevolence or the beauty of the sex, he can classically prove, from their most enthusiastic adorer

adorer among the ancients, that "the female mind is destitute of prudence." Such an assertion demands, and perhaps obtains, the loud indignation of all: he permits you to rail, and, with a thousand voices, to declare the soft poet's ignorance of the sex: but elevated on the buskin of the tragedian, he will irresistibly persuade you, that "silence is your greatest ornament."

If your lover is a philosopher, with Plato, he will attribute to women the origin of vows, superstition, and sacrifice; and because, in their consequence, they have intailed so much ruin and ignorance upon mankind, one forbidding glance, or an ungracious refusal will make him resolve, "never to associate with women, unless he wishes to corrupt his manners." Their superstitions will soon make him a magician,

magician, and to the destruction of his favourite philosophy, he will soon allow, "the more women, the more forcery."

Never love a French royalist, for though he may flatter your vanity, he is bound by his laws, customs, and abuse, to believe you and your descendants for ever incapable of wearing a crown: and should any unhappy aspirant to the regal dignity trace his descent, at the distance of a thousand years, through a woman, his claims are destroyed in a moment. Illustrious examples will not soften his prejudices; but like the laws of the Medes and Persians, the Salique will remain for ever unaltered. His education, his nobility forbid him to allow the equality of women; and could he see the shade of a Spartan, on the day of her marriage, he would startle at the republican

republican ghost. The same politeness, that fixed the *corvée* of a woman at half less than a man's, would soon disrobe the Amazon of her masculine habit, and sinking her to her original inequality, with Mahomet, he would rather believe, that "an husband might lawfully beat his wife." Friendly to ancient usage, he asserts, that as women once were bought by the medium of cattle, they may now also be bought, sold, or exchanged; and in Russia, the country of his dear favourite monarchy, even the vulgar peasants indulge with a second wife, a good working woman. An emigrant from his own country, and an alien in England, he may, perhaps, wish to know something of the sex: in society, he sees them elevated to deities; but if chance should throw the code of penal laws into his notice, he will conclude, that the law still beholds them
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with a suspicious eye, and some dear husband, fearful of a high-spirited wife, may instruct him in the nature of the ignominious punishment, once executed upon the murderer of her husband. But, alas! times are miserably changed—'tis the age of innovation. If he is a casuist, and versed in the learning of the ancients, he will determine, on account of the weakness and irritability of the female mind, that violence in them is more excusable than in man; and that it is a greater crime to kill a woman, than a man.

There are few men, who do not consider the fair sex, as the most invaluable pledge of our happiness. Some, however, would, with pleasure, repeat the lascivious manners of the Almè of Egypt, or the more horrid customs of the Arreoy, of the Society Islands;
and

and indulge a malicious strain of wit upon the enslaved state of the women of the east, and from their general weakness, and trifling amusements, wish to infer the incapability of female improvement. They might say, they are vindictive; but they forget, that it is a natural consequence of weakness—that they are curious, inquisitive in the affairs of others, always mysterious in their own—light and capricious; and that, from their follies and extravagant examples, has sprung a spirit of dissipation, which the legislators of some countries have thought expedient to curb by sumptuary laws.

The politeness of modern days has assisted to soften the harsh opinions of the world, with regard to the fair; and many now admit, that the female heart can beat, with transport, for her country's cause, or can bleed for

its wrongs. But in the greater portion of the earth, women are unfortunately in a state of vassalage: the German beauty, yoked with some kindred animals, drags the boat up the rivers, whilst the lordly husband sits in the stern, smokes his pipe, converses with the passing Mynhier, and performs the arduous task of steersman; and in Lapland, and among the deformed Eskimau Indians, the husband, hospitably surrendering his wife, for a night, to the arms of the way-worn stranger, directs to heaven his solitary prayers for the exterior improvement of his species. In all the Asiatic countries, polygamy is the most sure, and virtuous means of obeying the first command of nature, and of nature's God—increase and multiply; and under the well regulated government of China, the legalized variety of marriage is commensurate with the

the power, or the wishes of the husband.

In all the ancient monarchies, and in some of the modern governments of Europe, legislators have endeavoured, by the oppression of the people and by continual wars, to insure the subject's obedience; and even some philosophers have concluded, that riches and ease are the parents of faction. In the little circle of private life, and by the cursed claims of primogeniture, a tyrant is erected in every family, over whom, and over his younger brothers and sisters, he frequently exercises despotic sway. The women, particularly, are constantly held in a state of pupilage and subjection, by their fathers, by their brothers, and finally by their husbands. If the laws permitted them greater power, they would certainly act more

benevolently. I was thrice a prisoner in Italy; and I owed my liberation, once to the kind interference of the comandant's mistress, at Cremona, and once to the generous, and unsolicited mediation of a dame of Mantua.

With a visionary and speculative theorist of France, I conversed much on the subject: he had met with men, who admitted the activity and benevolence of the sex, when once excited in your favour, but who attributed all their exertions to vanity and curiosity. "You may thus," said I, "refine away our most virtuous and noble actions:" "*C'est vrai, M. L'Anglois,*" answered he quickly; "My sentiments are, however," continued he, "very opposite, indeed; if Pandora, in her cursed curiosity, opened the box of human infirmities, a woman will collect them again, and bind them with impassable Styx."

Styx. This dear woman shall be a patriot, and I will gather flowers to adorn her breast, and will metamorphose myself into an inhabitant of that happy mansion. It shall be the bosom of peace: her bouquet shall be a cornucopia; but not to herself alone—the same fair hand, that collects Pandora's malevolence, will instinctively distribute the blessings of plenty. If an aristocrat, by the fatality of birth, or by the pride of intellect, she shall be a democrat in virtue; and an haughty republican may well descend from his sovereignty, and haste to drink delicious poison from her roseate, softly-trembling lips. In every disaster of life," said he, "the fair are kind and tender to your wants, and will listen with pitying ear to your complaints; and if suspicious man, in his wanton humour, endeavours to envelop your actions in doubts and

mystery, a woman is always ready, with the kind breath of her benevolence, to dissipate the cloud."

This Frenchman spoke, with much fervor, of the patriotism, moral and intellectual improvement of his countrywomen; and if I gave the implicit credit to his assertions, which his general attainments deserved, I should be convinced, that this age of revolution will not be silent; but that the condition of women, as they deserve, will be much improved; and that even in the Oriental divisions of the earth, they will be exalted from their present debasement. The Nazarene, confessing his errors, will no longer encourage the indiscriminate community of women; and notwithstanding the holy example of Metuale priests, affectionate husbands will, even in sight of such profanation, refuse to "barter
out

out their wives to their friends for a month, or a year." Tyrant custom will no longer sanction such depravity: women will be allowed, if they have energy, to exert the rights of equality. From the change of education, and the improvement of morals, they will be more secure in the virtue of the mind, than if guarded by the walls, bars, and eunuchs of a Persian haram; and if the shade of an ancient German could rise again upon earth, he would confess, that a regenerated world will fondly believe, that, in the breasts of women, "reside a sanctity and wisdom, more than human."

CHAP. X.

SOLDIERY.

THE greater portion of modern Europe is under the arbitrary government of princes and kings, whose insulated dignity is protected by numerous regiments of horse and foot, on the frontiers of their kingdoms, and by select bodies of men, attached to their persons by greater honours, and more extravagant pay. The friend of humanity laments the condition of man, wretched even in the best organized states, and drops a tear of pity upon the millions of slaves, the sweat of whose brow is extracted, in a thousand

and varied shapes, to feed an hungry tyrant, and the luxurious lords, and gilded dependants, who surround him. The philosopher, who boldly hopes that man, capable of improvement under a virtuous government, may one day be guided, in his individual and political capacity, by the powers of reason, equally despises the magnificent throne of Russia, though surrounded by ten thousand body guards, and the little servile imitation of some sovereign princes of Germany, whose domestic servants, clothed in military uniform, play the soldier before the fancied palace of their masters*.

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* Many of the sovereigns of Germany, whose revenues scarcely equal the yearly rents of some English esquires, but whose ancestral fame is minutely recorded in the volumes, or shields of heraldry, endeavour to maintain the appearance of a military establishment. Saxe Gotha, as it gave a princess to England, must be past over in

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silence;

The foldiers of Ruffia are allowed by all to poffefs little of the compaffionate fentiments of man; and where pity might have reached even their breasts, the commands of their Imperial miftrefs, of her favourite Potemkin, or the bloody Suwarrof*, have pointed their fabres againft the breasts of the vanquifhed. The armies of Pruffia, which

filence; but within the influence of the fury of war, lives a fovereign prince, whose rental can fcarcely fupport a chamberlain, chancellor, and other officers of ftate, and whose effectual forces, which at the commencement of the war were eighteen, have fince been augmented to twenty-three. The population of his territories is very thin; and fmall as his military eftablifhment, his fubjects complain of being burdened with placemen, pensioners, a general, and fubordinate officers.

* I am informed by a gentleman, who has ferved in her body guards, and was prefent at the mafacre of Ifmail, that General Suwarrof is a kind-hearted man; and that he reluctantly executed the fuperior orders of Prince Potemkin. Difobedience might have been punifhed by death, or the defarts of Siberia.

which are formed of the outcasts of every nation of Europe, are universally addicted to rapine and plunder*; and though they did not wantonly murder the peaceable peasants of France,

* In the first campaign, as the allied and emigrant armies did not succeed in the conquest of France, they mutually reproached each other with being the cause. The emigrants had deceived the allies by their assurances of immediate aid; and they, in their turn, attributed the failure to the plunders and ravages of the allies, which united the French. The Prussians were particularly culpable: they even broke to pieces the ploughs, for the paltry value of the iron; and, by their excesses, increased the mass of their enemies. One instance of feminine valour may perhaps please, and merit the applause of my female readers. A ferocious Vedette, coming near a solitary cottage, dismounted, and was searching for plunder, when the plump-faced matron, and her daughter entered the house. He brutally attempted the mother; she cried out—but, alas! what resistance could be made to an armed soldier?—The daughter walked peaceably out of the door, and drawing a pistol from the saddle, secretly returned, and blew its contents through his brains.

France, they carefully deprived them of every comfort of life. The contingent and subsidized troops of the German empire, whose pay is small, although some of their princes receive extravagant douceurs from the purses of England, nearly equal, in rapacity and plunder, their dear brothers of Prussia and Austria. The Imperial soldiers, who receive double pay in actual service, composed of the Croats, Sclavonians, and other wild barbarians of the Turkish frontier, feel little of the remorse of civilized beings: Cæsar is their God: and the Carmagnols, the rebel devils, the enemies of God. The little humanity, their pity might shew to an infidel Turk, is denied to the French atheists; and these pious Keyserfemen, because the Duke of York granted honourable conditions to the garrison, and protection of property to the inhabitants, of Valenciennes, murmured

murmured at his princely generosity. They had exposed their lives in the attack of the place, and modestly expecting its plunder, were with difficulty restrained from violating the conditions, and proving, in the face of Europe, to whom justly belonged the imputation of being the enemies of domestic quiet, of property, and social order.

I have in this volume mentioned the little difficulties I experienced among the Imperial recruiters in Italy ; and the chapter of enthusiasm relates my embarrassments among the wild and suspicious soldiers of France. But I have been as much solicited to enter the service of that puissant monarch, the King of Sardinia, and that most moral of men, his Majesty of Prussia. The Imperial officers, in general, dismissed

miffed me with politeness, whenever a recruiter attacked my liberty; but at the castle of Chamberry, a giant German officer, then on guard, degraded his military honour to act the infamous part of a crimp. So anxious are all the "regular powers" of Europe to augment the strength of their forces, that the safety of the pedestrian traveller is continually endangered. Wicked as the French are, and though they have subverted and destroyed many well established notions of right and wrong, they did not, for the sake of a recruit, invade the liberty of the foreigner; nor do they now swell the mass of their requisitions by the indiscriminate reception of refugees or deserters. They are convinced, and they everywhere say, to the wretched apostate from the cause of kings, that they can defend their infant liberty, without

without the miserable expedients of encouraging desertion*.

In France, even in the year 1791, when the patriots were jealous of every stranger, I always received the greatest civility from the officers and foldiers of the troops of the line. If I exposed myself in the search of curiosities, to any disagreeable embarrassments, I could not blame the soldiers, as in the adventure of Besançon, for discharging the duties of their office. I was once only solicited to engage in France, nor do I recollect, that I ever saw a recruiting party in the country. It was, indeed, entirely unnecessary, for

* This is, I believe, the present case with the republican armies; and many deserters have been either sent back with disgrace, or committed to prison, as if taken with arms in their hands. I am aware of the extravagant rewards offered in the first campaign by the convention; but they did not then know their own force.

for if the assembly could be protected by the national guards, who everywhere joyfully, and in immense numbers, enregistered their names in the military books of the municipality, they would never purchase, by extravagant bounties, as under the old regimen, what was as well bought for five sous*. As I never witnessed in France, the splendid glories of the absolute monarchy, I know not the much lamented days, that are past—gone—and gone for ever; but in the year 1791, though I travelled on foot, and exposed myself to the fortunes of the roads, I was only once solicited to enlist; it was near the town of Phalsbourg, when I accidentally was joined by two soldiers, who

* I know not, if this was the sum decreed to all national volunteers, throughout the country; but at Château-Thierry, five sous were paid to every man, who inscribed his name as a national guard; and this sum was given, as a man explained, to drink to the nation.

who belonged to that garrison : among a number of indifferent questions, and enquiries into the state and politics of Germany, and Switzerland, where I told them I had been, and suspecting me to be an Imperial soldier, or deserter, one of them asked, *Monseigneur ne voudroit il pas changer son épée ?* I replied, *Non !* and did not hear another word of the kind. We continued to walk together, till we reached the gates of the fortification ; and when the officer, who read over my passeport, and took down my name, ordered a soldier to conduct me to the Grand Guard, they very graciously wished their new companion a good journey.

But under the old government of France existed a distinct species of soldiery, called *Cavaliers de Marechaussée*, equally the terror of the good and the bad, the robber, and the honest

honest traveller; and who, being authorized to demand the sight of the passeport, too often exercised their duty with cruelty and caprice. The practice was not confined to France: even in the cantons of Switzerland, but particularly in the Pays de Vaud, and the principality of Neuchâtel, they have patroles of this kind. In France, they parade on horseback, gorgeously arrayed, enormous sabre, large pistols, and strong carabine: and sometimes on the frontiers, two together jealously stop the natives, or the foreigners, who, they think, are leaving the kingdom. They were courteous and polite, or rough and savage, as it suited their humour, or the tinge of their mind: honest and gay, jealous and suspicious in a moment; and if the traveller had this time been permitted to pass on, he could not depend that, in the next half hour, a shower
of

of rain, a cold wind, or the uneasiness, or stumbling of his horse, might determine him to return, and conduct the poor traveller to the next Intendant.

I have elsewhere said, that we passed in France, as far as Soissons, without a passeport; and even in the great city of Amiens, we did not experience the least molestation. But our happiness was interrupted for the first time, as we were reposing near the road side, by a man on horseback. Ignorant of the customs of the continent, we did not know the elevated dignity of this tyrant: we neither feared his power, nor his malevolence; and my companion paid very little attention to his enquiries, till a countryman on horseback admonished us for our indifference, and with a shake of his head told us, he was *un Cavalier de Marechausée*. His questions led my companion

nion to conclude, that a passeport was necessary; and hearing the frequent repetition of *passe*, I stumbled, in my English observations to my fellow-traveller, upon the use of the word passeport. The patrolle repeated the word, and, as I was informed, insisted that I should answer his questions. *Non! non!* did not satisfy him; and after exercising all his art and ingenuity upon me, to extract a more full answer, he was convinced, it was really my ignorance of his language, that made me shew the open-mouthed stare of an idiot. He turned to the peasant, who had warned us of the cavalier's dignity, and gravely observed, that "he was very tall not to have learnt French." The tyrant prepared to depart: it was too much trouble to take us with him; but he assured us, that when we arrived at Mondidier, we should undergo a long examination.

tion. We avoided this great embarrassment, by leaving the road at Moreuil ; but the incident made such an impression upon us, that we carefully avoided the great roads ; and by a strange contradiction, considering the villages and defenceless cabarets more secure than fortified towns, we did not approach one, till we entered the walls of Soissons.

Some months expired, when I had learnt so much of the French, as was sufficient to continue a conversation in short and broken sentences, uttered with caution, and slowly translated from my English thoughts, that I began to relate our first disagreeable *rencontre* upon the roads. Though in my mind, there still existed too much of the old system of slavery, the peasants were happy, that they could now travel so little molested, and the noble, or the aristocratical rich, lamented,

mented, that the *canaille* had obtained such licentious liberties. "Now," said the peasants, "we can travel, and we do not fear the *Marechausée*; but once we could not stir for them;" and putting their hands and wrists together, to shew how he hand-cuffed them, they threw their eyes to heaven, and shrugging up, exclaimed, that they were *toujours comme ça*. This expressive gesticulation was frequently preliminary to a more general conversation; the misery of slavery, the oppressions of the feudal law, the tyranny of the military, and the rapacity of farmers-general, drew forth tears from every eye, and upon the abolition of which the heart of a peasant might be permitted to dilate; and what free-born Englishman, thought I, will ever attempt to wither the expanding bud of liberty, and again consign a gay, happy, and a brave nation, to their former wretched condition. Millions
are

are now made happy and free: they work for themselves: the labour of the day is no longer succeeded by the feudal services of the night: the dame of the village castle must now support, as well as the peasant's wife, the croaking of the frogs.

The French officers and soldiers, in general, vied with each other in their courteous attention to an Englishman; but at Pavia, we experienced from an officer the same brutal treatment we might have expected, and indeed often received, from the common Imperial soldier. The national guards were not, however, so complaisant as the troops of the line: liberty may generate some unsocial dispositions, and in Switzerland, the military (but of these there are few) partake rather of the stern severity of Germany, than of the politeness of the French.

At

At Zurich, we arrived with the boat, that conveys the letters from Rapperswill; and as we told the guard at the Watergate, that we should leave the town after breakfast, he permitted us to pass on. My companion and I were finally to separate here; but fearing that my authenticated copy of our passport would not be sufficient to assure my safety, and wishing, that it should be further attested by the officer of the Grand Guard, I went there to desire that favour. Some rumours had arrived there that morning; but why he should suspect me as a dangerous man, I could never discover. He sent a soldier for my companion; and when he arrived, notwithstanding our representations, and our want of breakfast, he ordered a guard to conduct us to the gate. The soldier was, however, kinder than his officer; and as I told him, we intended to separate, and that I was going to Lucerne, and
the

the canton of Underwaldt, he entered the guard-house of the gate; and having enquired, and written down the villages on the road, whose names he was convinced I could not know, he gave me the paper, and conducted me to a considerable distance beyond the glaciſ.

I had frequent occasion to admire the politeness of French soldiers, upon which, indeed, they highly pique themselves; and as this observation might and did befriend me, I frequently repeated it to their fellow-citizens. *Mon pauvre enfant!* said the benevolent hostess at Blamont, "you have seen all the soldiers of the empire:" I replied, "Yes! but the French are more polite, *plus braves*, than the Germans." Violently interrogating, *ſi!* she ran out, communicated this wonderful intelligence to her husband; and three warm-hearted patriots, returning with her, asked me

many questions of the liberty of France and England, of their comparative resources, of the vast accumulation of the public debts, and of their extent and population. I believe I answered them very accurately ; and pulling out the chart of France, told them, that England was only a third of the nation. *La carte de la France!* I shewed them Straßbourg, Luneville, and Nancy, and, at their earnest solicitation, I pointed out Paris, and soon convinced them all, I was a "*philosophe, et bon patriote.*"

In the campaign of 1793, when the British had distinguished themselves in several *coups de main*, and had deservedly obtained the applause of their fellow-soldiers, the fame and valour of their exploits was the theme of conversation in the Austrian Netherlands. The bigot, who lamented they were heretics, admitted, as they were fighting
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for the church, that however they were brave; and their beauty and handsome accoutrements had reached the ears, and excited the curiosity of the women. Many, who had not seen the British, nor knew, that we were of that nation, enquired after the *belles troupes des Anglois*. At a little distance from Namur, during the mid-day heat, we refreshed ourselves at a cabaret; and as we were settling our little bill, among other monies, I gave the girl an English halfpenny, to which she objected, as it would not pass in that country. I insisted it was good; but she thought it was as bad as the Prussian money, and would take it for no more than half the value. I was willing, but told her again, it was good money, and the money of my country; she eagerly enquired of what country, and I replied England. She immediately began a long desultory story about the English: *on dit, que—*

on dit—on dit—till we were heartily tired of her hear-says—she wished to see the English troops—and after another long string of *on dit*, demanded if they were not *de belles troupes*. As she seemed so very anxious to behold these favourite foldiers, I insinuated, that her lover was perhaps of that nation: no—but she loved the English troops—troops alone could satisfy her. As an Englishman, I flattered myself, I might be permitted to partake of her heart; but nothing could efface the impression of English troops. A Bourgeois' addressee were quite *une autre chose*; and though the citadel might have yielded to the ponderous arguments of a naked sabre, the out-works were inaccessible to the peaceable approach of a citizen.

CHAP. XII.

ANTIQUITIES.

IN the greater number of travels, antiquities occupy a very considerable portion of the volumes: some studiously compile from former writers, and minutely describing many vast monuments of past splendour, which perhaps no longer exist, frequently make the traveller deviate from his journey to behold, if he can discover them, the rare productions of art. At the city of Avignon I hastened, with the most eager curiosity, to the chapel of ——— to contemplate and admire the monument

of Laura, which the book of travels I then carried mentioned with extacy; and after reading the verses, which it said Francis the first had written, and inscribed upon the tomb, my friend of Corfu fondly recalled to his imagination all the glories and poetry of Petrarch's age. As he had enjoyed and adored the verses of the unhappy lover, he anticipated with rapture the pleasures of beholding this consecrated tomb; but when we arrived, and having enquired for it, were conducted into a yard, and seeing only a small broken slab, without inscription, which might as well have celebrated the loves of Maria Louisa, as of Laura, the Greek lifting up his hands, cursed the book that had deceived us; but seeing a fine portrait of Jesus Christ, he was gradually tranquillized, and acknowledged M. Christ a philosopher,—the first of philosophers.

At

At Avignon I left my companions, and crossing the Rhône to Villeneuve, thence proceeded through a rich vine country, to the vicinity of the Pont du Gard. This immense bridge, which by some modern additions to the lowest arcade, affords a passage for waggons, was destined to convey water from the fountain of ——— to Nismes; and as the Romans were ignorant that water, if confined in pipes and not exposed to external air, would rise to its level at any distance from the fountain, they had carried it along a gently inclined plain for many miles, for the use of the military station of Nismes. Between the fountain and the city was, unfortunately for the oppressed provincials, interposed a deep narrow valley, along which runs the river Gard; but as the wealth of kingdoms was ever profusely spent to administer to the caprice and luxury

of a military governor, Roman tyranny* commanded, and provincial industry erected over the valley an immense aqueduct of three arcades, nobly sublime and awful. The lowest bridge is formed, with the most massy stones, into five arches: the middle arcade consists of ten; and the highest, along whose hollow and roofed channel ran the water of the fountain, consists,

* Mankind are ever extolling the vast and magnificent works of the Romans; but I am more inclined to admire the public works, destined for public convenience, than those immense buildings which flattered the vanity, or contributed solely to the luxury or amusement of a lazy populace. The projectors of the New River, and of canals, or even the proprietors, if their patriotism can be abstracted from interest, deserve the praise and gratitude of mankind, more than the generous founders of amphitheatres, &c. Besides, we should reflect, that every grand display of Roman munificence was as closely cemented by the sweat, perhaps by the blood, of the provincials, as the sweet taste of modern Europe is gratified by the labour of the negroes.

consists, on account of the greater distance of the solid ground, on one side of thirty-six or thirty-seven small arches, all presenting to the eye a dark majestic ruin.

Thence I followed the road to the city of Nîmes; and though fatigued with a four league walk in a dry soil, and under a burning sun, the noise of the drums, and the happy countenance of the Sunday holiday makers, enlivened and refreshed my spirits without the aid of wine. The gay inhabitants were celebrating, with rapturous enthusiasm, the constitution of 1791; and though long detained by the display of military manœuvres, and though the circulation of the blood was quickened by music and *ça-ira*, I calmly retired to visit and contemplate the vast and silent remains of antiquity, and at night mixed with the festive dance. Near

to a fountain and bason, which antiquarians believe to have been built by Marius, after he fled from the great theatre of Rome and the proscriptions of Sylla, is an elegant temple of Diana; at each corner of a square, in the front of the temple, are placed four marble colossal statues of the seasons, and on the opposite side of the bason statues of Diana, her attendants, and hunting dogs. The interior presents a confused number of altars, or stones of sacrifice, inscribed with the devout names of consuls and pro-consuls, plunderers, and oppressors of the brave Gauls; who hoped, perhaps, by these small acts of attention to the Gods to expiate the crimes they daily committed on earth. The stones were too large to be stolen; but the eagle-eyed Janitors watched my conduct with the most marked suspicion; and the national
foldier,

soldier, who stood guard at a small distance, coming nearer, and listening to my questions, dropt a suspicion of that Monsieur's patriotism. I then however wore the national cockade; and as I displayed this fallacious emblem of the inward man, and as a few words of complaisance will, in some cases, obliterate an unfavourable impression, each minute enquiry, with the frequent use of *ces braves Romains* *ces amis de la liberté*, soon convinced him of my honest civism. I desired a little boy to shew me *les Arenes*; they all said I could not mistake: *voila ce gros batiment!* but when I left them, and acknowledged my infinite obligations for their polite attentions, they kindly professed their readiness to serve a foreigner, but privately shrugged astonishment at my singular curiosity: and some dreaded like

the ignorant Egyptians, that it was a cover for some less holy purpose.

As I was advancing from the gardens, with eager step, to the ruins of the amphitheatre, and though I had their vast majesty in sight, my attention was suddenly attracted and captivated by an elegant temple, which, upon enquiry, I afterwards discovered to have been built by the Romans; and though in many places spoiled by an intermixture of modern architecture, it presents to the eye the most perfect symmetry. I have neither studied, nor have I any particular predilection for the remains of antiquity; but the singular beauties and simple elegant design of the *maison quarrée*, drew my attention for some time from the awful, grand, and majestic amphitheatre before me. A great wall prevented

vented my more close observation; but as my clothes were not too sumptuous to create a fear for them, too fordid to encourage any hungry attorney to prosecute me for the trespass, and beneath the wise rage of a civilian, I climbed the wall, which divided me and the profane property of, perhaps, some *sans-culotte* from the holy demesnes of the church; and from the contemplation of this elegant temple, supported and adorned by Ionic colonades, I directed my steps to the building, which I first most anxiously wished to see.

But I know not which struck me most, the awful and dark majesty of the outside, whose Colossal and Tuscan architecture was so much contrasted with the elegant and neat forms of the temple of Plotina—the numerous vomitories, or the immense oval arena,
which,

which, though spoiled with houses and stables, imagination still brightened into some faint correspondence with the massy walls. I had read of the Coliseum, whose numerous seats could accommodate eighty thousand of the Roman people, and had imagined the vastness of an amphitheatre; but though my ideas of extent were proportionate to the number of spectators, I had formed a very imperfect model of its sublimity and awful grandeur. The immense rough-hewn blocks of marble, upon which had once promiscuously sat the Roman citizens and provincials, and perhaps, in successive times, the humbled Marius, and the victorious Cæsar, and which now only served to attract the wandering steps of a few barbarous Britains or subtle Gauls, were long memorials of the instability of human grandeur. I recollected, but with little satisfaction, the
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the numerous vicissitudes of the fortunes and happiness of the people of Nîmes, since the erection of this building—alternately a prey to the rapacity of military governors, Gothic and Saracen plunderers, and finally oppressed, under the “mild government of France,” by proud lords and farmers generals. Awakened from this melancholy reverie by the noise of drums, I accompanied the soldiers to the gardens, and mixed with the many happy groups of dancers.

The next morning I continued my journey to Arles; and though I finally obtained a *billet de logement* from the officers of the municipality, I was suspected by them, and they were suspected by me, to be favourable to aristocracy. The amphitheatre here is larger than that at Nîmes; but only two rows of seats remain complete.

Horfes

Horses and cows now occupy that sacred ground, which was honoured or dishonoured by the Roman citizens, whom prudence, accident, and courage elevated to the high rank of *dominos terrarum*, and whose bones have here found a common grave in the Elysiac fields with the christians of the early ages. In the municipal house, which necessity obliged me to visit, are deposited many ancient statues, a marble Esculapius, with a scaly writhed serpent; and before the Hôtel de Ville, an obelisk of granite, brought from Egypt, upon which the devout patriotism of the democrats has inscribed *la nation, la loi, et le roi*, adorns the grand place.

At the city of Besançon my book of travels and curiosities directed my particular attention to the citadel, the hill of Chamars, the plain of Chandane,

dane, a triumphal arch of Aurelian, and to the superstitions of the cathedral. An immense Imperial eagle stretched forth its wings to support the holy bible: a massy sculpture, in episcopal robes and with mitred front, insulted a naked humble Jesus, which laid beneath his haughty servant; and the simplicity of the christian religion was every moment outraged by the pomp and ceremony of worship. In the laborious ascent to the citadel, I amused and rested myself a moment in the examination of the triumphal arch, refreshed my exhausted spirits with the vivifying application of holy water, and instructed and improved my mind with the long and elaborate falsities of monumental inscriptions. On the head of the citadel my imagination projected a more minute examination of the curiosities of this town; like Acteon, I was tempted to intrude into
Chandane;

Chandane; and after observing the private amusements of the attendants of Diana, I intended to have ascended the hill of Mars. But our brightest dreams of happiness, and airy fancy are frequently blasted by the most trifling incidents: I had trespassed in my holy curiosity upon sacred ground; and I expiated my sacrilegious crime by a few hours detention, some personal danger, and many days suspension of the creative powers of imagination.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

SOLITUDE.

THE mind, which is incessantly agitated with the business and cares of the world, and is by its intercourse sullied and corrupted, should be frequently relaxed by retirement; nor can any thing tend more effectually to purify the affections of the heart and the mind, than the secret examinations of conduct in occasional solitude, where, abstracted from the vices and cares of the world, we may contemplate the uncertainty of human enjoyments, and prepare the mind and heart to oppose with firmness the vicissitudes of fortune. After the various pleasures and cares of the day, after being fatigued with the society and busy

busy hum of men, the mind reposes with consolatory satisfaction near the dead silence of a sequestered cloister, upon a lonely mountain, or under an awful grove, reflects upon the transactions of the day, or of past life, projects new and more virtuous modes of action, and anticipates, perhaps with airy delusions, the superior happiness and enjoyments of to-morrow. But because we sometimes delight in retirement, and as the mind is most confessedly purified by its solitary conversations with itself, I would not recommend the gloomy devotion of a monastic life. These institutions, if we may judge from the experience of many centuries, are no way favourable to the improvement of the condition of mankind. The inhabitants of convents have too frequently been immured by an unnatural father, that he might be enabled to support with greater

greater splendour the honours of his house; or perplexed in the mazy wild of the world, they have fled for refuge from its cares, or to shelter a weak understanding under the pious credulity of a cowl. The hermitages of Lucerne, the Rhine, the Mœuse, or the Mozelle, are filled by men, who are recluse from profession, and who support an idle life upon the benefactions and labour of the poor believer; but upon the mountains and lakes, or in the narrow vallies of the Alps, where innocence still holds its slippery reign, and as much above the failings of humanity as above the common level of mankind, the friend of solitude and nature might find the most delicious retreats. At the chapel of William Tell, he might hear infant children sing, in full chorus, songs in praise of their warlike ancestors. Imagination would recal the sufferings
and

and slavery of the ancient Swiss, and the pride and privileges of the noblesse, and would finally embody a few hardy venerable shades, who with their knotted Herculean clubs would "fight all their battles o'er again," shatter the shining helmets of Imperial slaves, and force the vanquished friends of tyranny to secure their safety by an ignominious flight. On the rock of Meillerie, he might recal the hovering genius of Rousseau, and with him anticipate the approaching regeneration of mankind; or in the island of St. Peter, he might admire "the banks of the lake of Bienne, more savage and romantic than the lake of Geneva; and which, though the rocks and the woods confine it more closely, is no less charming. If the observer sees less of the culture of fields and vines, fewer houses and cities, he sees more natural verdure, more meadows, the

the shady asylum of thickets, more frequent contrasts, and more happy accidental beauties. But as upon its banks there are no roads commodious for carriages, it is little frequented by travellers: but to the solitary and contemplating mind it is highly interesting. If they delight to be intoxicated with the charms of nature, and to meditate in silence, they will only be disturbed by the cries of eagles, the varied notes of birds, and the noise of torrents falling from the mountains. This round basin incloses two small islands, one inhabited and cultivated, of half a league circumference, the other smaller, desert, and untilled. This island, though so little, is so varied in its earths and aspect, that it offers every kind of situation, and is capable of every sort of culture. Here are found fields, vines, woods, orchards, rich pasturage, shaded by thickets, and
bordered

bordered with shrubs, whose coolness is increased by the air of the water: an high terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs along the length of the island, and in the middle is built a fine hall, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring banks assemble to dance during the Sundays of vintage."

On the banks of the lake of Geneva, on the Savoy or Swiss side, the friend of solitude might alternately indulge his meditations in the most secluded retirements, or with the happy society of men of letters, might wander in almost impervious woods, or visit the splendid palaces and country seats of the great; or, if seated on the lake of Como, might converse with the shade of Pliny, and learn instruction from the dead.



END OF VOL. I.

